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APRIL 1980 \$2.95

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ACCIDENTS**

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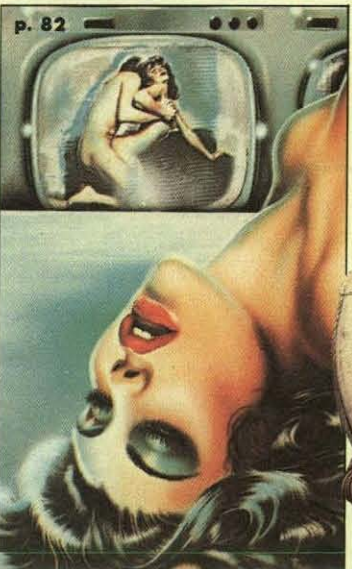
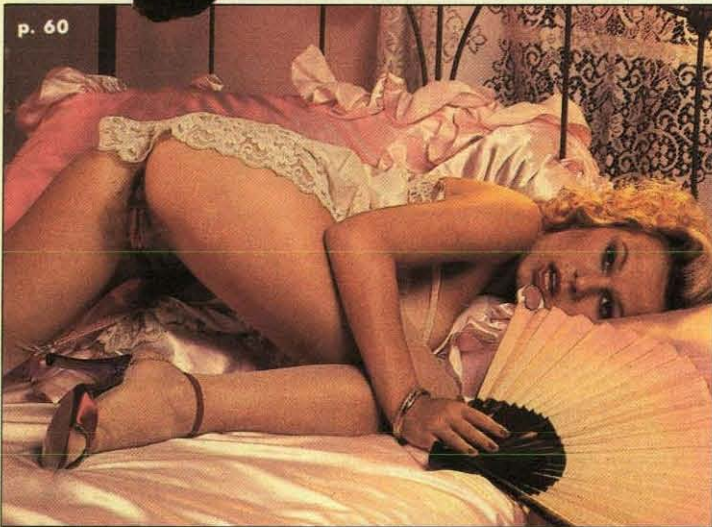
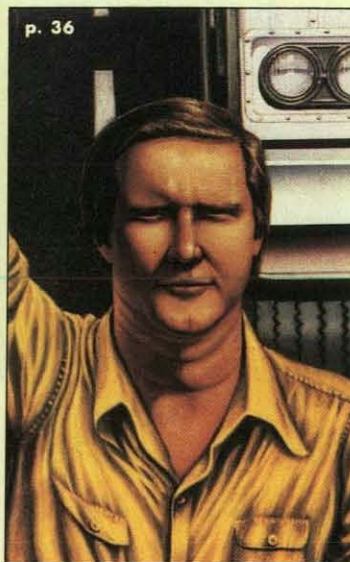
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No one wakes up thinking, "Today I'm going to abuse my child."

Abuse is not something we think about, it's something we do. It runs against our nature, yet it comes naturally. It's a major epidemic, and a contagious one. Abused children often become abusive parents. Abuse perpetuates abuse.

Child abuse is a major cause of death for children under two. Last year in America, an estimated one million children suffered from abuse and neglect and at least 2,000 died needless, painful deaths.

What's being done about prevention? Not enough. Preventive facilities are simply inadequate. Most social agencies deal with abusers and their victims after the damage has been done.

Yet child abuse doesn't have to happen. With enough volunteers, local child abuse prevention programs such as crisis centers, self-help therapy programs for abusers, and other facilities could be formed to aid parents and children. With your help, eighty percent of all abusers could be reached. Please. Write for more information on child abuse and how you can help.

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PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



A Roadblock to Democracy

When two-bit foreign dictators arrange their countries' political processes to make sure they stay in power, America's leaders call it "undemocratic." But when the two political organizations that have run the United States for more than a century do exactly the same, our statesmen call it "perpetuating the two-party system," and insist that it's a good thing.

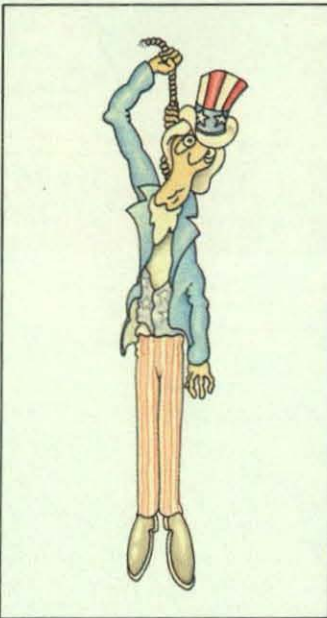
This is a hypocritical double standard. The truth is, Americans don't have much more to say about who will run their country than Iranians or Russians do.

I have already explained why I think no Republican or Democrat can genuinely represent the people in this election year ("No Choice Again?," *Publisher's Statement*, November 1979). There's not a plugged nickel's worth of difference between the two parties, and any candidate representing either one will have emerged from smoke-filled rooms owing debts to the party establishment instead of to the people. Yet American voters, for all practical purposes, will have to choose one of them on election day or risk wasting their votes on candidates who have no chance of winning. In other words, the only *real* choice the people have is *no choice at all*.

That's not my idea of a democracy. Nor is it unintentional. The elite of the nation's two major parties like it that way, and over the years they have cemented the two-party stranglehold on the American electorate, making sure that no other party or independent candidate has a chance to achieve the Presidency.

One way they have managed to do this is by refusing to do away with the incredibly undemocratic Electoral College, which Thomas Jefferson called "the most dangerous blot on our Constitution." Because of the Electoral College, the American people do not elect their president; they merely choose a slate of "electors" from each state who later cast the official votes. There are only 538 of these electors—but it is only *their* votes that count in choosing our president.

The most unbelievable aspect of this system is that the elec-



tors are not required to vote for the candidate that the people of their states choose. In each of the last five elections at least one elector has cast a ballot for a candidate who did not win the popular vote in that elector's state.

Moreover, it is possible under the Electoral College system for a candidate to get the most popular votes but not win the Presidency. This has happened three times in our history. And as recently as the last election it almost happened again. Although Jimmy Carter got 1.7 million more votes than Gerald Ford, he would have lost in the Electoral College had only 9,245 votes in Ohio and Hawaii swung to Ford.

Why is such an obviously undemocratic institution allowed to continue in this country? The reason is simple: The Electoral College discourages third-party or independent candidates. According to the late Alexander Bickel, the noted Constitutional scholar from Yale University, "The monopoly of power enjoyed by the two major parties would not likely survive the demise of the Electoral College." That's why the Republicans and Democrats in Congress have repeatedly voted down attempts to abolish the Electoral College. The last thing

they want is for the voters to be given a real choice in future elections.

No wonder a smaller percentage of citizens vote for their national leader in America than do so in any other established democracy. Until the Republican/Democrat grip on the ballot box is broken, we aren't much different than the Soviet Union, where people can vote for only one candidate. A step in the right direction would be to abolish the Electoral College. Meanwhile, Americans must face facts: We don't live in a democracy.

*Publisher &
Chairman of the Board*

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS HUSTLER?

He's the kind of guy who likes out-of-this-world photography and articles that take you where no magazine has gone before. He's after some close encounters with hot-looking women and a chance to laugh at the spiciest humor around. There's only one place he finds a galaxy of delight on every page—HUSTLER. Isn't it about time you subscribed to the magazine of universal appeal? Blast off into pleasure with HUSTLER—you may never come down again.

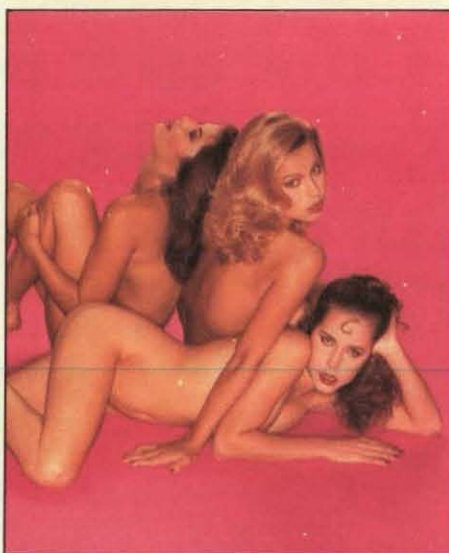
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Putting **HUSTLER** together would be a snap if all it took was sitting down at a typewriter or drawing board for a few hours. But that's not the way it works. Our writers must be hardworking and nosy as hell; our illustrators and photographers must be skilled and patient. And our art staff, editors and researchers have to go over everything with a fine-tooth comb before **HUSTLER** reaches you, the reader.

A lot of hard work was put in by **GAR SMITH**, who secured previously secret government documents before writing **NUCLEAR DISASTERS: HOW THEY LIED TO YOU**. Accompanying this shocking report are grisly photos that have never before been published in a national magazine. These pictures may be offensive to some, but they are in **HUSTLER**'s hard-hitting tradition of pulling no punches to get the facts to our readers. Smith's article details the effects radiation has had on some unfortunate workers in the nuclear industry. It's not a pleasant story. A former editor of the *Berkeley Barb*, Smith has written for *CHIC*, *New West* and *Mother Jones* as well as for **HUSTLER**. The accompanying artwork is by **HUSTLER** newcomer **STEWART DANIELS**, who has illustrated numerous record-album covers and movie titles for the film industry.

New York-based free-lance writer **FRANK FORTUNATO**, following vague leads and nameless dirt roads, ventured into the back hills of Kentucky and Tennessee to track down **SNAKE-HANDLERS**, people who still practice what can be a deadly religion. This is not the first time Fortunato has traveled for **HUSTLER**; in the past he has been to Cuba, the Middle East and Plains, Georgia, in pursuit of stories. The illustration is by longtime **HUSTLER** contributor **ALEX EBEL**, whose work has also appeared in *Playboy*, *Oui* and the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.

RICHARD WARREN LEWIS went to



Cover by Matti Klatt

Nashville, Tennessee—site of the Independent Truckers of America convention—to get the inside story on the plight of the drivers of the big rigs. Lewis examines their trials and tribulations as seen through the eyes of a rebel trucker in his profile **MIKE PARKHURST: TALKING TOUGH FOR THE AMERICAN TRUCKER**. The highly visible and vocal president of the Independent Truckers of America is also founder and publisher of *Overdrive*, a magazine for truckers. Lewis, a journalist for 20 years, has written for *Playboy*, *The Saturday Evening Post*, *New York*, *Life* and the *New York Times*. **JOHN ANDREWS**, who has done illustrations for **HUSTLER** and *New West*, furnished the companion artwork.

If you're fed up with meeting potential dates in bars or at the office, and you're contemplating an "electronic courtship," **HUSTLER** Associate Publisher **BRUCE DAVID** tells **THE TRUTH ABOUT VIDEO-DATING** in April's fiction. This is an excerpt from a novel in progress. David, a former newspaper editor, started *Interview* magazine for Andy Warhol, and was founder and co-producer of *Midnight Blue*, an erotic

cable-television program in New York City. He has also written for radio and been a free-lancer for magazines such as *Penthouse* and *Viva*. **HOLLY HOLLINGTON**, who provided the illustration, is a veteran contributor to numerous American and European magazines.

In this month's *Sex Play* **DR. JUDITH STEINHART** offers for one of the first times in print a valid sex quiz by a certified sex expert. The test will enable you to **RATE YOURSELF AS A LOVER**. Steinhart received her Ph.D. from the Institute for Advanced Study of Human Sexuality in San Francisco, and she has been published in *Forum* and *Sexology* magazines. Besides being a sex educator and therapist, she is an assistant professor at the State University of New York at Stony Brook. The artwork was supplied by **HUSTLER** regular **MICK MCGINTY**.

This issue also features a special cartoon layout by **DAVID BROWN** entitled **BELIEVE IT OR NOT: A TONGUE-IN-CHEEK LOOK AT RELIGION**. Aside from himself, ideas for Brown's irreverent illustrations came from other **HUSTLER** contract cartoonists and *American Atheist* magazine.

April's pictorials, starting with our centerfold, **PAULA: PASSIONATE PINK**, photographed by **CLIVE McLEAN**, instill a sense of adventure. Photographer **MATTI KLATT** takes you inside an ancient tomb in **QUEEN TIT**, while **SUZE RANDALL**'s lens focuses on an inner-city alley where a trio of street-tough females go on the prowl in **GANG-BANG**. And you don't have to be a Navy man to appreciate Suze's photographs of **SKIPPER: SAILORS' DELIGHT**.

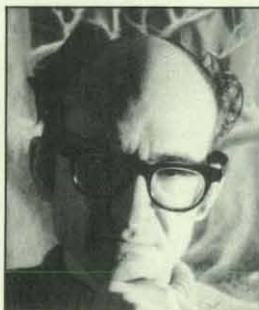
Our writers have logged many miles, unraveled bureaucratic red tape and worked countless hours to bring you vital and informative stories. As they do every month, they put a great deal of energy into this issue of **HUSTLER**, but all you have to do is sit back and enjoy it. 🍷



Richard Warren Lewis



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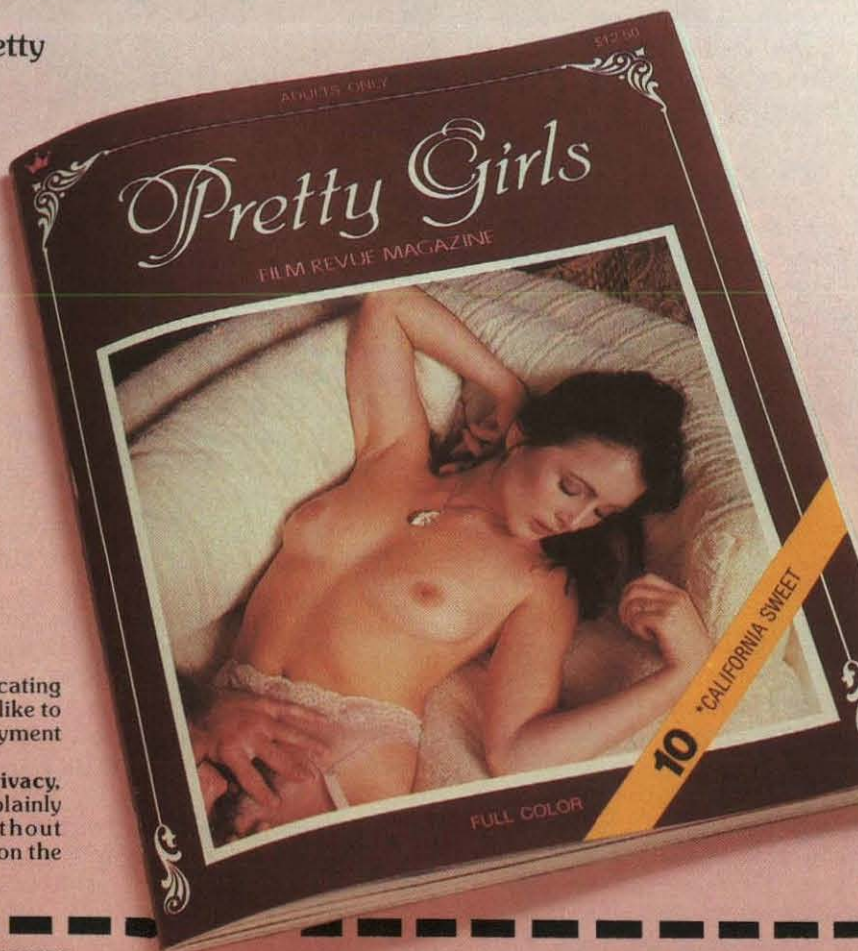
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FEEDBACK

Celeste: I'm an 18-year-old guy who just purchased my first copy of *HUSTLER*, and I must say I got my money's worth. I have never seen a more beautiful nymph than Celeste (top photo), your February centerfold. She is peerless, with her dainty blond hair, ravishing blue eyes, sultry lips, pearly teeth, shapely breasts, moist cunt and petite buttocks.

Celeste is my elder by only three years, and I hope that with a little bit of luck we can get it on some day. I am not a sex fiend, but a normal gentleman who knows an Aphrodite when he sees one.

—J. D. G.
San Francisco, California

Catnip: I wish to tell you that the so-called humor in the January *Bits & Pieces* section called "Catnip" (center photo) was downright uncalled for. It was in the poorest of taste and just disgusting.

I belong to the Humane and Cat Protection Agency, and I plan to file a complaint against your magazine. I do not think this is what any normal human being would call humor of any kind. I used to enjoy reading your magazine, but I no longer plan to buy it again until this kind of thing is stopped.

—K. K. R.
Upper Darby, Pennsylvania

We carefully considered all the implications before using this animal on our set. The cat was already dead when we purchased it from a biological-supply house that provides cats to high-school anatomy classes for dissection.

Soul Food: I bought your February issue and couldn't believe my eyes. Your spread *Soul Food* (bottom photo) made me hot and horny. I'm white and dig all races of chicks, but I fantasize about making it with a foxy black woman. The photos were good, but there should have been more of them.

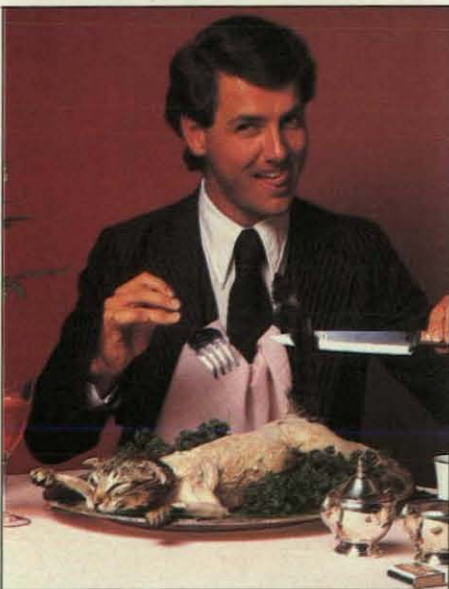
Let's hear it for more dark meat.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Religious Feedback: This is in regard to your February *Publisher's Statement* "The Church Is Not an Equal-Opportunity Institution." As a born-again Christian, I fear you are not reading your Bible very carefully. The very existence of the church is based upon discrimination, and not concerned with equal opportunity of race or sex.

About gay people, the Bible says "slay them, kill both parties." The Bible also tells us that the Negro, as a descendant of Cain, is accursed and destined to forever be the poorest of slaves and servants: "Lo, I have given you these heathen for an inheritance." And as for women, the Bible says to tell them "to keep their mouths shut, for it is a shame for a woman to speak in public."

Does this allow for Negro and women preachers? Certainly not. We can love these people all we like, but we can never disagree



or weaken our faith by ordaining them to any ministry.

—Floyd M. Gurley
Niuhu Island, Hawaii

We believe that Jesus Christ spoke repeatedly for the equality of all human beings when he identified Himself with men and women from every class and every walk of life.

In "Sue the Clergy?" (*Publisher's Statement*, January) you presented a sensible and logical point: A member of the clergy should be held responsible for the way he conducts his practice, as any other professional would. A clergyman should understand his duties and concentrate on these, rather than on things outside his training, such as psychotherapy.

But remember, Mr. Flynt, you are not God either. In fact, you are wasting your breath. Your *Publisher's Statement* should be more controversial—this one didn't tell us anything we did not know, and it was a wasted page. You should concentrate on more important, controversial issues to share with your faithful readers. Whether or not we agree, we want to hear your opinion.

—Joel and Bev
Austin, Texas

I've recently been hearing quite a bit about a puritanical minister named the Reverend Donald Wildmon, who monitors television shows and heads a group known, I believe, as the National Federation for Decency. He was recently on the *Tomorrow* show and boasted of picketing Sears and causing it to stop advertising on that "dreaded" jiggle show, *Charlie's Angels*.

It's time for normal citizens to jointly voice their opposition to those who want to revive the Inquisition. There is no reason, for instance, for movies shown in theaters under PG ratings to be butchered on television to appease puritanical zealots.

Perhaps if the leading entertainment magazines would coordinate a campaign to promote reality in the medium, something could be accomplished. You could maybe set a day to picket network stations in different cities, or at least urge readers to write to the stations and give their viewpoints.

—Troy Soos
Alsip, Illinois

*We've been aware of the Reverend Wildmon for some time—he was Asshole of the Month in the November 1978 *HUSTLER*.*

Tongue-Lashing: I have gone through your December 1979 issue, and I have lots of anger toward you and your filthy magazine. In that issue you made Marcia Womongold your Asshole of the Month. She is not an asshole—you are. You are the one not facing reality. You may think you burned her with your stupid article, but you're wrong. You obviously have no respect for women or

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Christ. For all we know you are into sado-masochism. You probably also get off on beating women with a cat-o'-nine-tails. The *Fantasy* #5 photo-set in the same issue is really awful. You have the mind of a child and an IQ of 2.

As for some of the bimbos you have posing for you, they have no pride or self-respect. None of those bitches have cunts that pink. You have lousy photographers, and your touchups are obvious. You could never get a beautiful woman to do sadistic and nasty things like your bimbos do. Where did you find those broads—in a gutter?

People who are into sadomasochism are extremely sick. It is a demented way to treat women, and women who are into it are mentally disturbed. All your magazine does to men is make them want something they'll never have. I would like to know how the hell you can turn love into a demented, violent thing. —Name Withheld by Request
Durango, Texas

You're entitled to your opinions. But, factually, the genitals in our photographs are not retouched.

Yankee Man: I've been an avid HUSTLER reader ever since its existence—until today!! I picked up your February issue and thumbed through it as usual, only to find a spoof on the late Thurman Munson. You people have got to be the most inconsiderate bastards in the world! If there's one thing that you don't tamper with in New York, it's the Yankees, especially Thurman Munson. Please be advised that I will never pick up another shit-eating HUSTLER Magazine in my life.
—J. Gagliardi
Greenwood Lake, New York

In your February issue you gave the DC-10 Aviation Award to Thurman Munson. Now, mind you, I'm not a Thurman Munson fan, a Yankee fan or even a fervent baseball fan. But your choice of ways to present satire, comedy or whatever you call it is in my opinion lower than whale shit. Why did you have to remember a man's death in such a tasteless way?

Maybe someday some of your loved ones will die. I hope they leave you with happiness and pleasant memories forever. Then I hope somebody makes fun of their death and causes you unbearable pain, like your award probably caused the Munson family.
—B.W.
Wheeler, Indiana

Cock Show: I just received your February issue, and I am really disappointed with you people. I was stupid enough to hope your magazine would get better for us women. I just read the *Feedback* letter "Show More Cock" from Peggy Bell, and I agree with her. We are tired of being the lookers; some of us want to be the *lookers*!

Men and women want the same things. We are *all* people, and people have the same needs. I can't understand why you can't or

won't give us a little more. You suggest that we buy *Blueboy*, but the reason that magazine is so good is because it's for men! It's a shame no one will cater to women as equal people.

Because of your closed-mindedness I'm sure I will not renew my subscription—you can keep your biased magazine. I thought there was hope for it, but because of your stubborn male egos and those of your male readers, I know you will lose women readers.

—Cathy Mahon
Glens Falls, New York

It is our aim to give our readers what they want. Right now the ratio of men to women reflects reader demands, but that could change if we get more mail for males.

Other Paths: I just glanced through your September 1979 issue, and in your *Bits & Pieces* section I saw a little item called "Hanging Around," which purported to show a religious ritual of "a now-extinct American Indian tribe."

I am writing to let you know that the tribe, actually seven tribes—which you called the Sioux Nation—is far from extinct. True, your people have done their best, all in the name of the God of love, to exterminate us and destroy our nation, but we have persevered. We have survived. We have kept faith with our God.

My grandfather was born on a reservation, and his father rode the Plains with Sitting Bull. Both of them participated in the

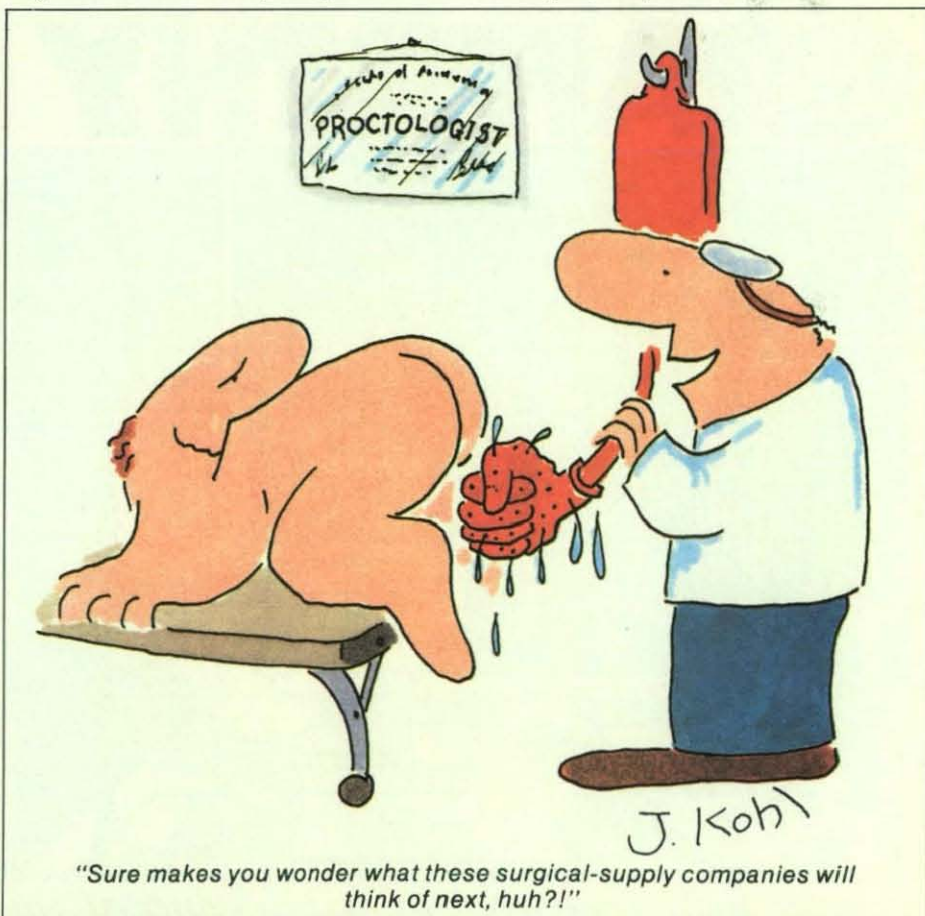
rite shown. Both were honorable men who respected the beliefs of others. Both practiced a religion forbidden by the laws of a nation founded on freedom of choice. Freedom for all, that is, but those who were here first.

Can you not see the parallel in your own struggle against the puritanical, self-righteous segment of society? I support your right to publish HUSTLER, but I do wish that you would learn that other men have found their path to God in ways that differ from your own.
—Ohitika Mato
Garden City, Michigan

Beaver Bonanza: I'd like to make a suggestion concerning the HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*. I have observed that over the years, you have published HUSTLER REJECTS, THE BEST OF HUSTLER (Numbers 1-5) and other special editions I may have missed. How about a special volume containing nothing but those beautiful ladies—"the girl-next-door," so to speak. You might even print the ones you don't use.

"Beaver Rejects," God forbid!
—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

In response to many such requests, we have already published our first BEAVER HUNT collection—96 pages of previously unpublished photos. It's available at your local newsstand, or send \$2.95 plus \$1 for postage and handling to Flynt Subscription Company, Inc. (P.O. Box 67068 Los Angeles, California 90067).



Zoom Fume: I don't blame you for choosing not to print the photo-set of a young girl used as a cover feature in *Zoom* magazine (*Bits & Pieces*, HUSTLER, January). However, as an artist mainly using nudes as the subject of my work, I find the anatomy of children both refreshing and delightful. They have a spring and vitality that cannot be hidden by expressions of the face or pose or clothing. The human body is God's most natural and beautiful gift to mankind. Clothing, censorship and morals are man-made.

At any age a model is a model and beauty is beauty and taste is taste. Photos taken with taste can neither be smut nor exploitation—only artistic.

As for decision-making, that young girl's charm isn't going to wait around for her to grow old enough to make a "critical decision," and her youthful beauty will pass unseen, unappreciated forever as she becomes a woman. She will be denied the chance to give the inspiration her body provides to anyone.

—Michael Taylor
Scotts Valley, California

True Grit: I have been reading HUSTLER since it first hit the newsstands, and although it is a little crazy, it has a lot of common sense and is not at all despicable.

We both know why your magazine is always under fire. It is not because of a few naked women or some offbeat jokes; it is because of your pure and straightforward articles about politics and world problems. It is

a sin that the narrow-minded people who are against you don't have the guts to say the reason why.

These namby-pamby white-collar ass-kissers are the reason for most of this country's problems. Instead of saying the real reasons they don't like HUSTLER, they hide behind the guise that it is nothing but smut. Well, just about anything you read can become smutty if that is the way you think.

Perhaps one day society will be better adjusted, but I doubt we will see it.

—George M. Hornung
Farmingdale, New Jersey

Asshole? The article about Henry Ford II as Asshole of the Month (HUSTLER, January) was really not necessary. You don't have to hurt someone to sell magazines. Henry Ford II is a descendant of a legend, a man who saw and talked with Thomas Edison.

The man is only a human being, with feelings just like you and me. Only he is rich. So is the owner of your magazine. Larry Flynt is one hell of a man, almost losing his life because he just wanted to give people what they wanted.

I thank God Mr. Flynt is alive—he's a guy who made it rich with his brains. It's the same with Henry Ford II. For me to see Henry Ford II as Asshole of the Month is the equivalent of seeing Mr. Flynt on that page.

I think Mr. Flynt and Mr. Ford will go down in history as great men. You should

tell Mr. Ford that he is not really an asshole, but an American dream-maker.

—Barney F. Jennings
Detroit, Michigan

For your information Larry Flynt was Asshole of the Month in the March 1976 issue of HUSTLER and Asshole of the Century in the April 1978 issue.

Ecstatic: About three weeks ago I saw an excellent movie called *The Ecstasy Girls*, which starred actress Deseree Cousteau. I was told that she was a former centerfold in HUSTLER. Would you please be kind enough to tell me what issue she appeared in.

—Larry D'Aries
South Orange, New Jersey

You can see Deseree Cousteau, our porn actress of the year (see page 16 of this issue), in the September 1978 HUSTLER. For back issues, use the order form on page 22.

Mean Judge Green: I think that U.S. District Court Judge Joyce Green should be removed from the bench. She is the one who ruled that Iranian students could not be deported. As a naturalized citizen, I understand conditions under which a visa is issued to an alien. If I had violated these conditions, there is no doubt in my mind that I would have been deported. I feel that these Iranians have nothing to complain about. They are the ones who have violated the conditions of their visas, and they are the ones who should suffer for it, not the American taxpayer.

I also believe in not biting the hand that feeds you. If Iranian students or any foreign national here on a visitor's or student visa demonstrates against the USA, they should be deported. The Mexicans who cross into the U.S. at least do something productive, and for years Judge Green has sat on her butt while they were and still are deported.

Let's get people like Judge Green out of office. Only immigrants who file Declarations of Intent should be allowed the type of protection Green is offering. There is no excuse for breaking the law.

—John Neill
Hickam Air Force Base, Hawaii

Asshole of the Year: A few issues back (June 1979) you named the Ayatollah Khomeini Asshole of the Month. Well, with what he has done to the U.S. since then, I'd like to give him my vote as Asshole of the Year. Let's show that old fart that he can't push the USA around!

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

We did indeed name the Ayatollah Khomeini Asshole of the Year in BEST OF HUSTLER #5, which you can purchase for \$2.95 wherever you buy HUSTLER. If your newsstand is out of BEST OF HUSTLER #5, send \$2.95 plus \$1 for postage and handling to Flynt Subscription Company, Inc. (P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, California 90067).

GRAFFILTHY



THANK AND \$25 TO T.M., NEW LONDON, NC

World News Roundup

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067

All infants begin life in the womb as girls. Called the "Eve principle," this concept plays an important role in a revolutionary new understanding of human biology. In the past it was thought that sexual development was fixed solely by the genetic makeup of the fetus. But research has revealed that powerful chemicals in the bloodstream of the fetus are at least as crucial as genes in determining gender. One of those chemicals is essential for the development of male sex organs; if it's missing from the fetus, even a child with male genes will wind up a girl. That fact prompted one scientist to say that now "you can think of maleness as a kind of birth defect."

The "cost of loving" is going up even faster than the cost of living. New York investment analyst Ray Devoe has figured out that the cost of dating a girl has climbed 340% since 1954. That jump is nearly twice the hike recorded in the more general cost-of-living figures. The "cost-of-loving" calculations were based on the prices of such activities as dining out, going to the movies and frequenting fancy bars.

The macho "Latin lover" image is carried a little too far in Brazil. A jury in that South American country found a 45-year-old "playboy" innocent of murdering his lover even after he admitted killing her. The defendant told the court how he fired four shots into his girlfriend's head after she enraged him by flirting with another man. The jealous killer received a two-year suspended sentence on different charges--fleeing the scene of the crime and using "excessive" means to protect his dignity.

Taking your medicine like a man is no problem when sex is the prescription. And sex is what Dr. George Ehrlich suggests for arthritis-sufferers, based on research revealing that regular intercourse is effective in combating the pain and depression associated with arthritis. There's only one drawback, says the good doctor: Because the crippling disease destroys joints, many of the 20 million arthritics in the U.S. often have a hard time engaging in intercourse.

Meanwhile, it appears that sexual intercourse during pregnancy may mean trouble later on for the unborn child. That's the conclusion reached by medical researcher Dr. Richard Naeye, who coordinated a study of more than 26,000 pregnancies. Naeye found that mothers who had intercourse once a week or more in the month before delivery were exposing their infants to a higher risk of infection and death than those mothers who abstained during that time. The study also showed that the danger of infection was even greater when intercourse occurred earlier in pregnancy and the child was born prematurely. However, Naeye and other doctors still aren't ready to recommend prolonged abstinence from sex during pregnancy; they're worried that such a policy might cause serious problems in a marriage.

Believed to be the first American ever convicted of raping his wife, James Chretien faces three to five years in prison as punishment for his sexual attack. The Salem, Massachusetts, man was found guilty of raping his estranged wife, Carmelina, who was then in the process of divorcing him. By a strange coincidence, the most famous wife-rape case to date also took place in a town called Salem. However, in that case John Rideout of Salem, Oregon, was found innocent of raping his wife, Greta. There will probably be even more wife-versus-husband rape suits; Nebraska, Delaware and New Jersey have also passed laws allowing a wife to press rape charges against her mate--even if they are living together.

Girls have reportedly replaced guys as the sex most likely to scribble their thoughts on bathroom walls. A study by two former University of Massachusetts researchers found that women accounted for 51% of the graffiti on the walls of campus rest rooms, gymnasiums and other buildings. Twenty-six years ago sex scholar Alfred Kinsey estimated that ladies were responsible for only a quarter of all bathroom graffiti. You've come a long way, baby.

People with links to organized crime are apparently more acceptable to Las Vegas authorities than are male strippers. During a recent meeting of the Clark County Licensing Board a nightclub on the Las Vegas Strip was denied a liquor license because the club features a male strip show. Yet at the same meeting another local nightspot was granted a license in spite of an extensive police report alleging a connection between the establishment's owners and reputed underworld figures. 🍷

Experts Say ...

You Really Can Get Girls Through Hypnotism!

If You Live To Be 100 — You'll Never Find An Easier Way To Get Girls ... Believe It Or Not — It's True!!!



By the AAP COMMITTEE ON HYPNOSIS

NEW YORK — Their company name is Silverman Research of Prov., R.I. — And they claim to have a new, modern way of getting girls.

It's called S/A Hypnotism. And they say that thousands of men like yourself have already begun to use this easy-to-master principle to meet, date and even seduce girls.

They go on to claim that S/A Hypnotism works like nothing you've ever seen before. And they even offer to prove it to you.

They promise to show you exactly how to use this principle to meet more beautiful girls than you ever dreamed possible.

And they go on to say that it doesn't matter how many times you've failed with girls before. Nor does it matter why you failed.

To use their words: "That's all in the past now."

When we saw their ad on this new way of getting girls, we decided to take a closer look and find out for ourselves whether or not S/A Hypnotism really did work.

So that's exactly what we did. We investigated the situation completely.

And we can now say that our findings show that their method does indeed work.

Below is a copy of the original Silverman ad. If you're interested in learning how to get girls through hypnotism, it may be worth your while to read it.

(Reprinted By Permission)

GIRLS WILL BE NATURALLY ATTRACTED TO YOU

When you begin to use S/A Hypnotism, you will have one of the most powerful forces known to man working for you. Most girls will see you as a man who they'd like to get to know better ... much better. Many will be instantly attracted to you. Some will simply not be able to resist you.

Don't get us wrong. We're not going to give you any magical or super-natural powers.

All we are going to do is teach you how to use a highly effective, little-known principle — a principle that is available to any man who is willing to make the small effort required to learn it.

R. C., Mich., says: "I tried every trick I knew to meet girls. But I seldom succeeded."

I used just about every pick-up technique ever invented. And I still came up empty-handed.

I was quite lonely — to say the least.

Then I heard about S/A Hypnotism.

I'll admit ... I had my doubts at first. But I took a chance and gave it a try. I had nothing to lose.

Well, I'll tell you ... It didn't take me long to see that I had stumbled onto something big. Really big!

Within just 4 or 5 days, I was meeting more beautiful girls than I knew what to do with.

I started making dates with more girls than I really had time for.

But that's nothing. You should see some of the sexy girls who were actually eager to sleep with me!

Honestly, I haven't had this much fun in years. Thanks to S/A Hypnotism!"



And now, you too, can learn to use S/A Hypnotism to meet, date and even seduce beautiful girls.

In a matter of days, you too, will be able to walk up to a girl (any girl), and within seconds, have her name, address and phone number.

And that will only be the beginning. Because from that point on, she will agree with practically anything you suggest (within reason).

That's the kind of power S/A Hypnotism will give you. It puts you "in control" at all times.

DON'T SELL YOURSELF SHORT

Now maybe this sounds like a bunch of "mumbo-jumbo" to you. If so — let us suggest this:

Put your doubts aside for awhile and give yourself a chance.

Notice we said "give yourself" a chance.

This principle works ... and all the doubts in the world won't change that. But if you let your doubts get in your way — and you don't at least give it a try — you'll be selling yourself short and robbing yourself of the success with girls you want so badly.

You don't need any special education or talent to learn S/A Hypnotism. There are no complicated courses to take.

Simply follow the steps in our easy-to-read, easy-to-understand book called ... *The Easy Way To Get Girls Through S/A Hypnotism*.

Read the book through just two or three times (with a reasonable amount of concentration) ... and you'll be well on your way to getting all the beautiful girls you ever wanted.

And remember — it doesn't matter what you look like or how old you are. These things mean nothing when you use S/A Hypnotism.

MOST UNUSUAL GUARANTEE IN HISTORY OF ADVERTISING

S/A Hypnotism is working for thousands of men — and it will work for you. We guarantee it.

In fact, we're going to go ahead and make you one of the most unusual guarantees in the history of advertising. And here it is:

Try out the principle of S/A Hypnotism for a month. Then ... if you haven't met, dated and even slept with more beautiful girls in those four weeks than you have in the past year, return the material. We'll rush you a full refund and more.

We will send you:

- 10 dollars (the original amount you paid for our material)

Plus:

- 15¢ (the cost of the stamp you used to send us your order)

- 2¢ (the cost of the envelope you sent your order in)

- 5¢ (for the time it took you to fill out the coupon)

- 10¢ (for your trouble)

Think about that for a second.

Once again: S/A Hypnotism works. And like we said before: "We'll prove it to you." All you have to do is send in the coupon now.

Every man who is popular with girls has his own special technique he uses to get them. If you are lucky enough to be one of these successful gentlemen, you don't need us or S/A Hypnotism.

On the other hand — if you're seriously looking for a reliable, no-nonsense method of getting girls; a method that will work anywhere, anytime ... maybe you should give S/A Hypnotism an honest try. You may soon find yourself with more girls than any ten men put together!

NOTE: We have checked with the people at Silverman Research and have learned that their book on S/A Hypnotism is still available (with complete refund guarantee). You may order a copy if you wish.

Mirobar Sales, Dept. H-480
964 Third Avenue
New York, New York 10022

Sounds almost too good to be true — but you've got a deal. What have I got to lose? Here's my 10 dollars. Send me *The Easy Way To Get Girls Through S/A Hypnotism*.

After trying your material for a month, I must be meeting, dating, and even sleeping with more girls than I have in the past year. Or I may return the material for a full refund and more.

I understand my material will be sent in a plain wrapper.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

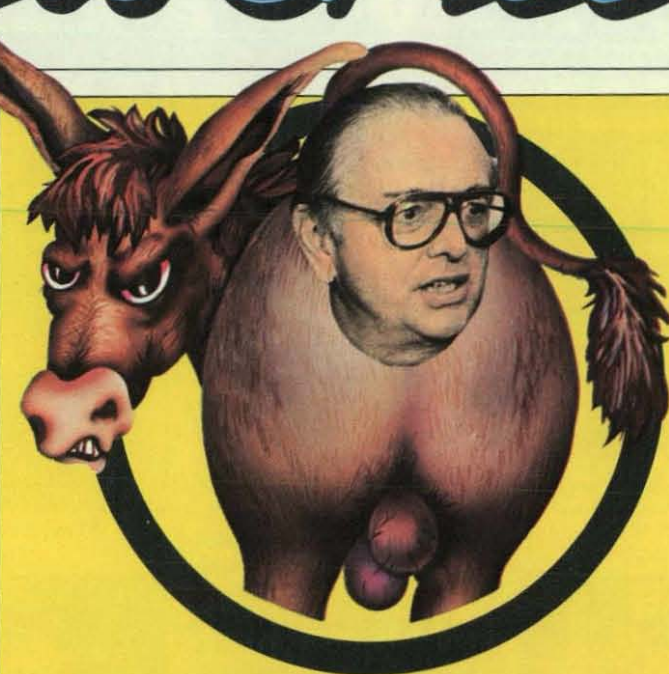
© 1976 Silverman Research

Bits & Pieces

The old phrase "The buck stops here" frequently comes in handy in choosing an Asshole of the Month. When the shit hits the fan at a large corporation, it's sometimes hard to affix blame firmly to any one person's shoulder. But ultimately it's the man at the top who must bear the responsibility. That's why Albert V. Casey, the president and chairman of the board of American Airlines, so richly deserves to be named HUSTLER's April Asshole of the Month.

American Airlines is already infamous for the tragic crash of one of its DC-10 jetliners, which killed 273 people on May 25, 1979, in Chicago. While it would be easy to blame the DC-10 itself—and it's true that the airplane has had more than its share of troubles—it is a proven fact that American Airlines' faulty maintenance procedures led directly to the mishap. Recently the five-member National Transportation Safety Board ruled that the cause of the crash was "maintenance-induced damage" that triggered a complex series of accidents.

The company has been less than graceful in accepting responsibility for the disaster. After the crash and throughout the ensuing investigation, American Airlines continued to point the finger of blame at the DC-10's manufacturer. Also, American Airlines reacted to a satirical photo-feature called *Fear of Frying* in the November 1979 issue of HUSTLER by banning the magazine from three of the airport newsstands it controls, simply because the company found the satire to be "in very poor taste."



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH Albert Casey

Naturally, this action has no effect on our circulation, because our loyal readers will simply buy their copies of HUSTLER elsewhere. But this censorship of HUSTLER reveals a warped sense of priorities on American Airlines' part. Does Casey's company really feel its key role in this tragedy can be swept under the rug by stifling parody? Is American Airlines trying to shift attention away from its own culpability to a harmless HUSTLER layout, the only purpose of which was constructive criticism in the best tradition of satire?

At any rate, it's extremely doubtful that American Airlines would remove such newspapers as the *Chicago Sun-Times* or the *Los Angeles Times* from its newsstands, even though both those publications printed numerous satirical cartoons about the crash. In short, the airline's censorship is hypocritical and inconsistent.

The reason Albert Casey is Asshole of the Month is not because we think his company's silly reaction to our satire has cost us sales (it certainly hasn't), but because American Airlines neglected the safety of its

passengers and then tried to cover up its guilt by thumbing its nose at the First Amendment and banning a magazine that was critical. The fact is, we were most diligent in our research concerning the DC-10 crash in Chicago, which is more than can be said for the maintenance operations performed by American Airlines. The National Transportation Safety Board found that the carrier used procedures contrary to those outlined by McDonnell Douglas, the manufacturer of the plane. In other words, American Airlines failed to follow instructions—and that failure led to the deaths of 273 people.

After the crash an American Airlines spokesman claimed there was nothing in the plane's history to indicate a buildup of problems. But the truth is that over a five-year period the same DC-10 that crashed and burned in Chicago had been forced to make at least seven unscheduled landings because of equipment malfunctions, a rate far above normal for wide-body aircraft. On four other occasions this plane had to shut down an engine. At least once it had to dump its fuel in flight. With all these warnings, it seems incredible that American can claim that there was no reason to suspect problems with the aircraft.

Alibis, ass-covering and petty revenge against HUSTLER are asinine reactions to serious problems that are—literally—matters of life and death. Instead of condemning HUSTLER, Albert Casey should see to it that American Airlines does everything humanly possible to ensure the future safety of its passengers.

HUSTLER'S FOURTH ANNUAL EROTIC MOVIE AWARDS



Best Picture & Best Actor
Ecstasy Girls with Jamie Gillis



Best Cinematography
Star Virgin



Best Actress
Deseree Cousteau, *Pizza Girls*

When it comes to rewarding excellence in film, the Hollywood establishment always overlooks everything with an X rating. But HUSTLER feels that porn flicks are as deserving of praise—and criticism—as any other kind of movie.

You already know what we think of last year's cinema crop; every one of our film reviews brings a critical eye to bear on the newest releases. This is because we think you deserve to know what you're paying for *before* you buy movie tickets. However, we also like to know what *you* think; that's why we asked you readers recently to let us know your favorite films and performers. The ballots are all in, the votes are counted, and the winners are pictured here—selected by you, and by HUSTLER's own panel of erotic-film reviewers.

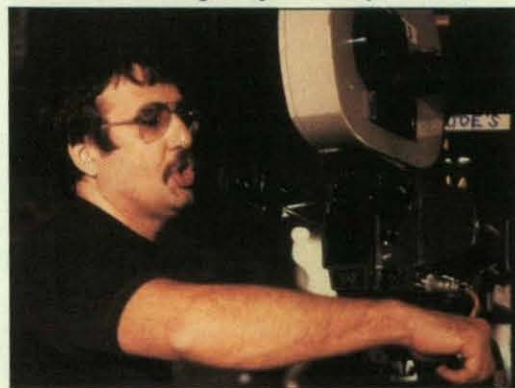
Of course, the real winners in a poll like this turn out to be you, the viewing public; by expressing your opinion of adult films, you encourage producers and performers to constantly improve the quality of cinematic erotica.



Best Sex Scene
Jack Wrangler & Samantha Fox
Jack 'n Jill



Most Accomplished Cunnilinguist
Georgina Spelvin, *Easy*

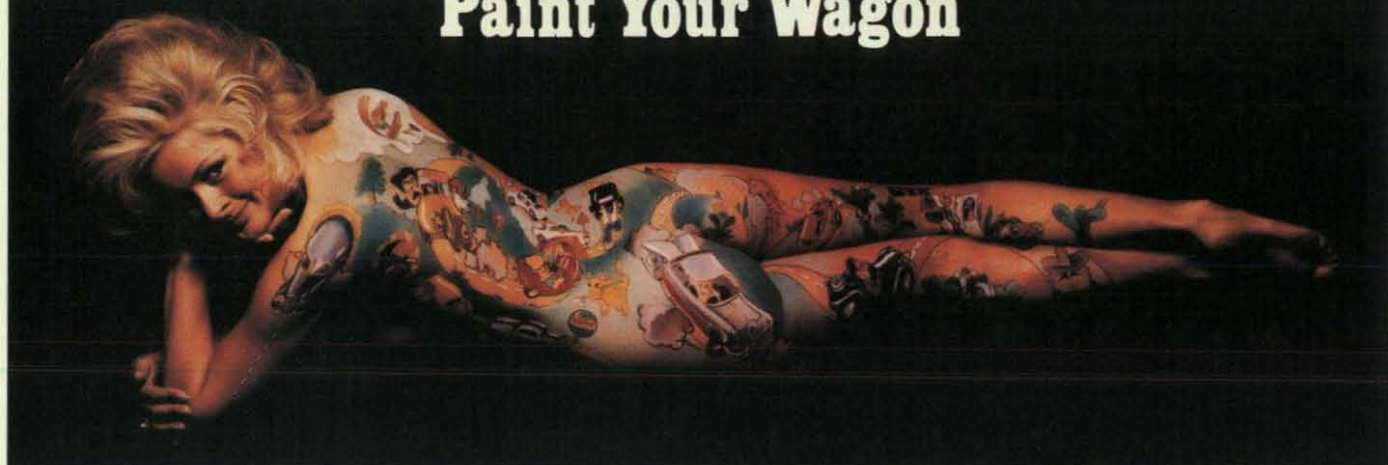


Best Director
Mark Ubell, *Jack 'n Jill*



Most Accomplished Fellatio Artist
Samantha Fox, *Tigresses*

Paint Your Wagon



Model Penny Mallett (pictured above) couldn't move a muscle for nine hours while this intri-

cate design was carefully painted on her body.

In her role as the illustrated

woman, Penny was the cover girl on a 1972 calendar put out by the Burmah-Castrol Compa-

ny. She's one colored person that nobody would ever discriminate against.



Hair Today, Gone Tomorrow

The Razor's Edge, the bald-is-beautiful magazine, has sharpened up its act since we first reviewed it in February 1978's *Bits & Pieces*. Now it boasts better layout, improved photography and more than five times as many pages as in the first issue (May 1977). Of course, some things haven't changed; the models still look like Yul Brynner with tits.

The Razor's Edge is available from P.O. Box 685, Palisades, New York 10964. A single issue costs \$3; a year's subscription, \$18.50.



City Dump

Godzilla spent most of his film career making chop suey out of Asian cities. But even Godzilla had to answer the call of nature,

and he didn't much give a shit where he did it. The producers tried to cover it up, but our HUSTLER investigators found all the proof they needed in this censored scene from the big guy's last flick.

Sweet Smell of Success

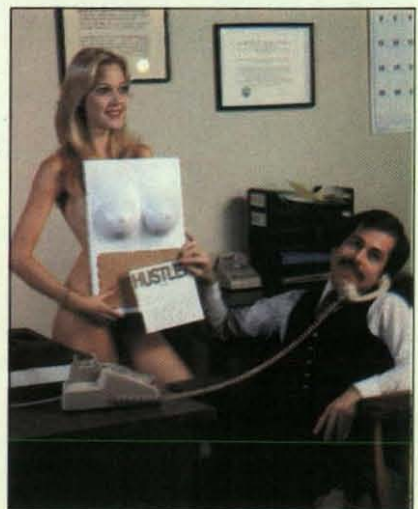
This news may piss off some women, but a French chemist has discovered an odor in male urine that sexually

arouses females. So when a lady sticks up her nose at you, it could be she's just sniffing around for some action.

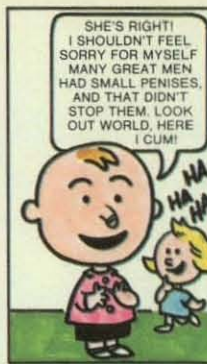
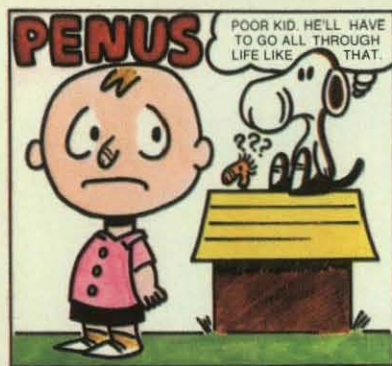


Pinup Girl

Keeping abreast of events is a real pleasure with the tit board. Plus you can stop worrying about losing that important memo; this is one bulletin board guys just love to stick it to. The tit bulletin board is available for \$12.95 from K.A.S. (P.O. Box 443, Boonton, New Jersey 07005). Sorry—girl not included.



HUSTLER'S Carnal Comics



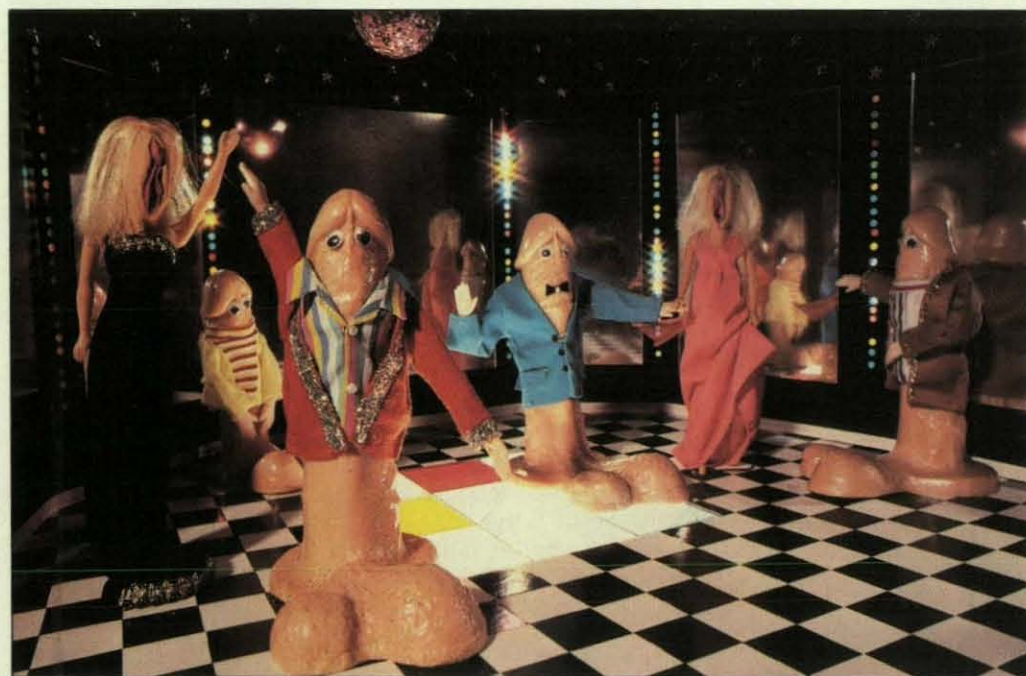
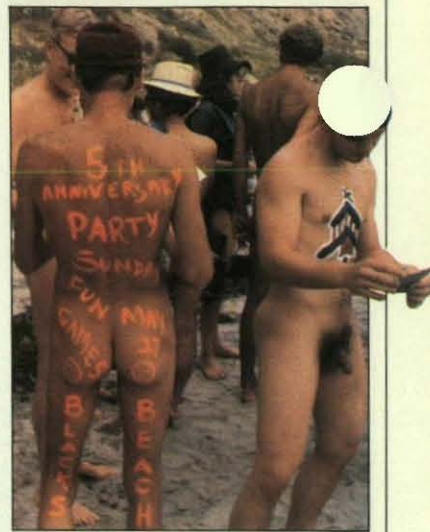
Fill'er Up

There might be a lineup at your pump when you put on this

pair of shorts. They're available for \$6 from British Bulldog (3008 Passmore Drive, Hollywood, California 90068). One size fits all.

Birthday Suit

Sun-worshippers gathered at San Diego's Black's Beach to celebrate the fifth anniversary of the country's only officially sanctioned public nude beach. But it seems the powers-that-be didn't get the message, because they have decided to require clothing there once again. It looks like just another instance of bureaucrats being unable to face the naked truth.



Porno Disco

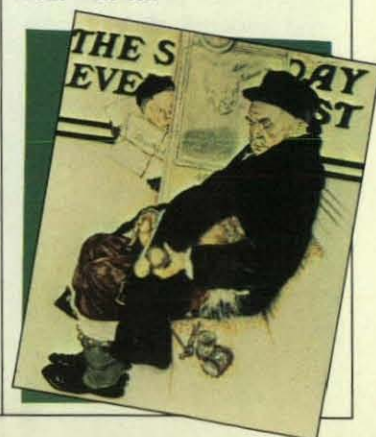
Smut music has invaded the disco scene on an album en-

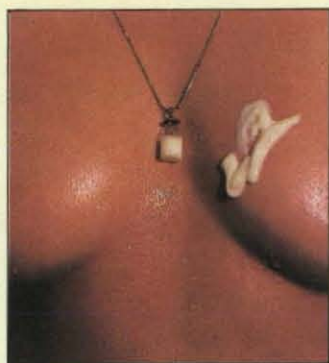
titled *Porno Disco*, which contains such tunes as "Super Fucker" and "Disco Dick." The lyrics are very funny and very dirty, while the music is a

step above the usual disco din. The record is available for \$7.95 from Party Records (P.O. Box 973, Los Angeles, California 91603).

Keeping Posted

Poking fun at the paintings of Norman Rockwell is a favorite pastime of Oregon artist William Tunberg. His satirical artwork captures the famous artist's style almost exactly. And as this parody painting shows, Tunberg's characters even know how to get their rocks well off.





Vial Taste

When your lover can't be with you, his love juice can—in the Vile of Intimate Fluids. Bottle up your cum instead of your feelings, and give the person of your dreams something special to remember you by. The "vile" is available from Q.E.L., Ltd. (P.O. Box 615, Van Nuys, California 91408). They sell for \$9.95 apiece, or at a special rate of two for \$17.95. Enclose \$1 to cover postage and handling.

Kiddie Car

Don't let the energy crunch drive you crazy—get the new Kiddie Car and make the munchkins drive *you* to the store. America's parents have spent a lot of time and dollars on kids, and it's about time Mom and Dad started getting their money's worth.



What Will You Do? What *Will* You Do?

We're getting a little tired of those ads in which Karl Malden implies you're some kind of dumb asshole if you don't carry American Express traveler's checks. You know the ads. Tourists lose their traveler's checks and act like they're doomed to a life of begging for alms in the streets of a foreign city.

Amex's competitors got fed up too and threatened

the company with a lawsuit because of deceptive advertising. So American Express voluntarily agreed to point out in its ads that other companies will also replace lost or stolen traveler's checks. Of course, if you *do* get stranded abroad, the natives are usually willing to help you get home. At least they spend a lot of time yelling, "Yankee, go home!"

Right to Bear Arms

It seems everyone is talking a lot about our Constitutional right to bear arms, and after giving the matter careful con-

sideration, HUSTLER has decided that people should be permitted to bear all the arms they want.



Helping Hands



What's this girl saying? She might be telling him, "I heard you wouldn't be able to keep your hands off me." Or maybe

she's asking, "Can you give me a hand?" Since we got the story secondhand ourselves, we're not really sure what happened.



Family Tree

This fellow wanted to find his

roots, but he didn't have time to hang around the library doing research. So he made his own family tree.

Head for Heads

Have you ever wondered what "smoking good shit" means? This water pipe, nicknamed the Head, might be the explanation you're looking for. The pipe comes with a small bottle and spoon tucked away in the top of the toilet. To get a Head, send \$35, plus \$2 for postage and handling, to Whaling Enterprises (25655 Pacific Coast Highway, Malibu, California 90265). Californians should include 6% sales tax.



Cracking the Whip

Jimmy Carter really likes to be dominated, as this illustration from *Screw* magazine shows. But that's no surprise; he's been dominated for years—by the Soviet Union, Iran, Cuba, Saudi Arabia and the oil companies. *Screw* is available from P.O. Box 432, Old Chelsea Station, New York, New York 10011.



The Party Lineup

It's amazing what you can see when the Communist countries raise the Iron Curtain. This

photo was shot in the "Maxim-Variete," a nightclub in Budapest, Hungary. Girlie

shows don't exactly fit in with revolutionary theory, but Communist chieftains are so far looking the other way. That is, when they're not in the audience looking at the girls.

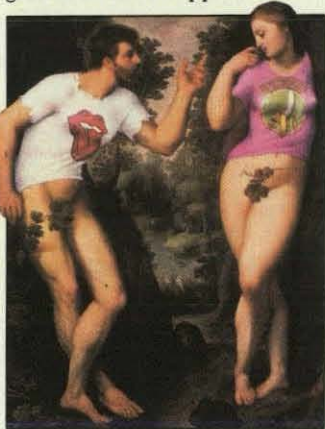


Adam's Apple

It only takes one rotten apple to spoil the bunch, the old saying goes, and Adam and Eve found out it's true. The couple had a real hard time finding fig leaves outside the Garden of Eden, so they started wearing these tempting T-shirts.

But the fall from grace wasn't a total loss; judging by this photo from the German magazine *Stern*, Adam figured

out that it's more fun to eat girls than to eat apples.



Love Me Gender

We're not sure, but this titillating portrait of Elvis Presley reveals what seem to be a couple of shocking secrets. Maybe Elvis's family decided to make a clean breast of the whole story after his death. This fantasy portrait of the rocker's knockers was done by Uli Boege.



HUSTLER Update

TEENAGE PREGNANCY August 1979

In our article we spelled out the need for sex education designed to stem a nationwide epidemic of unwanted teen pregnancies. Now a recent study has revealed how crucial it is to end sexual ignorance at the earliest age possible. The study, prepared by three Johns Hopkins University researchers, found that half of all first-time premarital teenage pregnancies occur during the first six months of sexual activity. And one-fifth of those pregnancies—which total more than 1 million a year—happen during the first month of sexual activity. The researchers concluded that information on sex and contraception must be provided before young people become sexually active if any reduction is to be made in the rate of adolescent pregnancies.

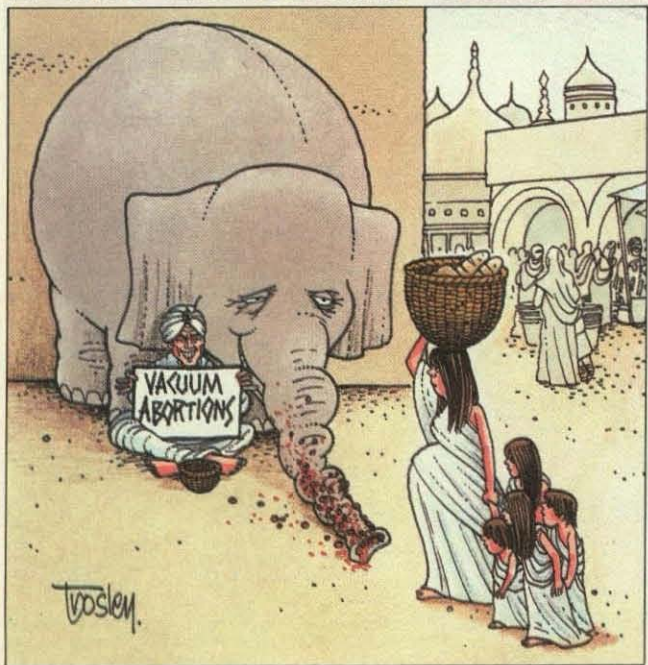


ABORTION Nov. 1978

In HUSTLER's report on abortion we presented arguments for both sides of that controversial issue. Now a survey by the Planned Parenthood Federation has found that 90% of the population favor abortion under certain circumstances, such as pregnancy caused by rape. This startling figure seems to contrast sharply with the 60%-favorable response to abortion shown by most other polls. Survey director Dr. Michael Rapoport explained that the apparent shift in attitude resulted from asking those interviewed for more than the simple "yes or no" response solicited by many pollsters.



Most Tasteless Cartoon



Contributors

HUSTLER pays \$100 for interesting visuals and stories for Bits & Pieces. We buy all rights to material accepted for publication, but will return art on request (enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope). For April, \$100 and thanks to Dave Patrick and William Tunberg.

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Advise & Consent is a column that answers a wide range of reader-submitted questions on sexual hang-ups, physical and mental hygiene, personal safety, legal rights, etc. It is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice of a physician or attorney. If you have a question, address your correspondence to: HUSTLER, Advise & Consent Editor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Edited by Stephanie Ross

PG or Not PG: I missed my period last month and was afraid I was pregnant. I had to wait for three hours in a hot, crowded clinic to find out that I wasn't. I'm relieved, but I want to know if those home pregnancy tests really work, in case it happens again.

—H. R.
Lakeland, Florida

Manufacturers of the six or so home pregnancy tests on the market claim their products are accurate up to 97% of the time. Medical authorities question this, stating that the tests may be 97% accurate when they show a positive result, but are wrong about 20% of the time when they show a negative result. In other words, about one out of every five women who are relieved when a home pregnancy kit tells them they are not pregnant may actually be pregnant. Another factor to consider is that even medical students have had difficulty following the kits' instructions. Even if it's hot and crowded at a clinic, at least there's only a 1% chance that the pregnancy test you are given there will be wrong, while your chances at home are not nearly so good. Until the manufacturers upgrade their products, it's a good idea to check with your doctor.

One Testicle: I am an 18-year-old male who picks up your magazine once in a while. I've been wanting to know if the male model in one of your November 1978 photo-layouts had only one testicle (the layout was called *Beauty's Beast*). Since I was born with only a right testicle, the model made me feel like less of a freak. I gained more self-confidence about my situation, but I'm still too embarrassed to have sex with my girlfriend.

Is this problem going to cause more trouble for me in the future? I often worry about running out of sperm, although up to now I have had an adequate amount. I masturbate a lot and reach orgasm sometimes. I really want to have sex with my girlfriend, but I don't have the nerve, for fear I'll be laughed at or shunned.

—R. K.
Teaneck, New Jersey

*The male model in *Beauty's Beast* has both his testicles, which goes to show that whether you have one or two is not all that noticeable. Having one testicle (monorchism) is not so rare, so stop feeling like a freak.*

Men with one testicle often produce less sperm than men with two, but you can have your urologist give you a simple test to determine how fertile you are. Since the testicles produce sperm, this is of concern to some men with monorchism if they are trying to father a child. However, since you state that you ejaculate what seems like an

adequate amount, this will probably not prove to be a problem for you.

Tell your girlfriend that you have one testicle. If she's going to enjoy having sex with you, it's unlikely that she'll even care. If you enjoy sex with her, it's unlikely that you'll worry about it anymore either.

Sore at Throat: I am a twenty-seven-year-old woman who has a serious problem. Please publish this, as I don't know who else can help me. I have been married for eight years, and although sex is fine with my husband, he has never been into oral sex. About four years ago I found a wonderful man who has been my lover ever since. He loves oral sex. My problem is that his cock is so thick and long that I am having difficulty giving him a good deep-throat. I gag every time, and this really bothers me. What can I do?

—M. J.
Buffalo, New York

Your throat is conditioned by nature to gag on what it can't swallow. One way to train your throat not to react in this way is to put your finger down it until the gag reflex starts to disappear. Don't expect to be successful right away. Popsicles and bananas are other good practice items. Once you've got the gagging under control, you can try it with your lover's penis.

It's easiest if you don't try to take your partner's whole cock into your mouth the first time. Just take it a little way into your throat until you learn to breathe rhythmically with his

thrusts. This is necessary because his penis will block your windpipe, and this is another cause for gagging.

A position we recommend for beginning deep-throaters is assumed when you lie on your back with your head hanging over the edge of the bed while your lover kneels, with his penis facing your mouth. This position creates a straighter line between your mouth and throat, which is a technique sword-swallowers use. Since your lover's cock is exceptionally thick and long, you are both going to have to be patient, because this technique won't be mastered in a night. Also, you should remember that the throat was designed for eating and not for fucking. If you don't learn to deep-throat, it doesn't mean you can't satisfy your lover in other ways.

Penile Implants: I read in your January *Advise & Consent* that silicone injections to increase penile size are illegal, but my friend who couldn't get it up had penile implants that enlarged his cock. He said it was done in a doctor's office. I didn't want to tell him I have the same problem. Can you tell me about penile implants and their legality?

—S. T.
Hastings, Nebraska

Silicone injections to increase penile size are illegal, as we stated. When injected, silicone has a tendency to float around and cause all kinds of problems; it is not authorized by the Food and Drug Administration. But penile implants to make erection possible are legal, and one result



"The pubic hairs are short and curly . . . sort of golden brown and neatly trimmed . . . the soft fleshy underneath is shaved clean . . . the asshole is kinda tight and puckered up . . ."

can be an enlarged penis, depending on the size of the implanted rods.

One type of penile implant consists of two silicone rods surgically implanted in the penis. The rods cause a permanent state of semi-erection. Although the penis is firm enough to insert in the vagina, it is not so stiff as to cause embarrassment in nonsexual situations. The surgery is fairly simple, the risks are low, and implants do not seem to impair sensation in the penis or the capacity for orgasm and ejaculation.

Another type of penile implant is the hydraulic model, which requires a more complex surgical procedure. Cylinders are placed in the penis and inflate when a bulb in the scrotum is squeezed. Fluid fills the cylinders, and the man is ready for intercourse. The advantages of this model include the more "natural" erection and not having to walk around in a permanent state of erection. The disadvantage is the "mechanics" of it all. Another positive aspect of the implants is that a man can have a hard-on for as long as he likes.

Both procedures are fairly simple, but expensive. The hydraulic implant costs about \$7,000 and the silicone rods about half of that (including hospital and doctors' fees). However, to many men it's well worth the price.

Condom Crisis: I use condoms quite frequently (usually Trojans), and they're always breaking on me. What am I doing wrong? My cock is about six-and-a-half inches erect, so I don't think it's size.

—G. K.
East Point, Georgia

Consumer Reports conducted laboratory tests on

condoms and published the results in its October 1979 issue. Unlubricated Trojans were listed as having a tendency to break or leak more frequently than other brands. But one brand that showed a high resistance to this problem was Horizon Stimula. Other condoms that rated high overall were: Fetherlite with Naturesol, Nuform, Ramses, Sheik and Excite. Brands such as Horizon (other than the Stimula model), Trojans and Conceptrol did not rate as well. Take a look at the *Consumer Reports* article and try some of the other brands.

Wants Baby: My husband is a thirty-four-year-old Vietnam vet who suffered a spinal-cord injury that left him paralyzed from the waist down. He is not capable of erections, so we can't have children in the usual way. Before I totally give up hope on being a mother, I thought I'd write to you (I'm 30) in hopes that you'd have some information on new research. Please don't suggest adoption or anything that involves another man, as I know my husband wouldn't go for it, and I certainly wouldn't do anything that would hurt him.

—K. G.
Roscoe, New York

Your husband may not be capable of erections in the usual way, but have you asked a urologist or an andrologist (a doctor who specializes in the male sex organs and reproductive system) about obtaining semen from your husband in order to impregnate you? There are two popular methods of obtaining semen from those with spinal-cord injuries. One procedure involves injecting a chemical compound into the area of the spinal

column. These chemicals affect nerves in the spinal cord and produce contractions of the muscle tissue of the genital organs, causing sperm to be expelled. However, due to spasms of the pelvic muscles, the semen is sometimes forced back into the bladder. But when the procedure is successful in forcing semen out of the penis, it can be collected and placed in your vagina, where it may lead to pregnancy.

In a few cases electrical stimulation of the male's internal sex organs has proved successful in obtaining semen. An electrical probe (about the size of a finger) is placed several inches into the rectal opening. It touches parts of the male's sexual organs that contain semen and causes them to squeeze and contract. This sends the semen along to either the penis or the bladder.

When this technique is successful, sperm is obtained and impregnation can take place. However, for most men with spinal-cord injuries, sperm collected by this latter method are not entirely normal. Often the sperm are less in number and are not always normal in shape or ability to wriggle about. These differences make pregnancy unlikely.

There is still reason to hope, and you and your husband should have a long and detailed discussion with his doctor about these possibilities.

Anal Fist-Fucking: I'm a twenty-eight-year-old gay male who's had a lot of lovers. The guy I just started living with is really into fist-fucking, but I've always been told this is dangerous. We've done it a couple of times and haven't had any problems. Should I just stop worrying and enjoy?

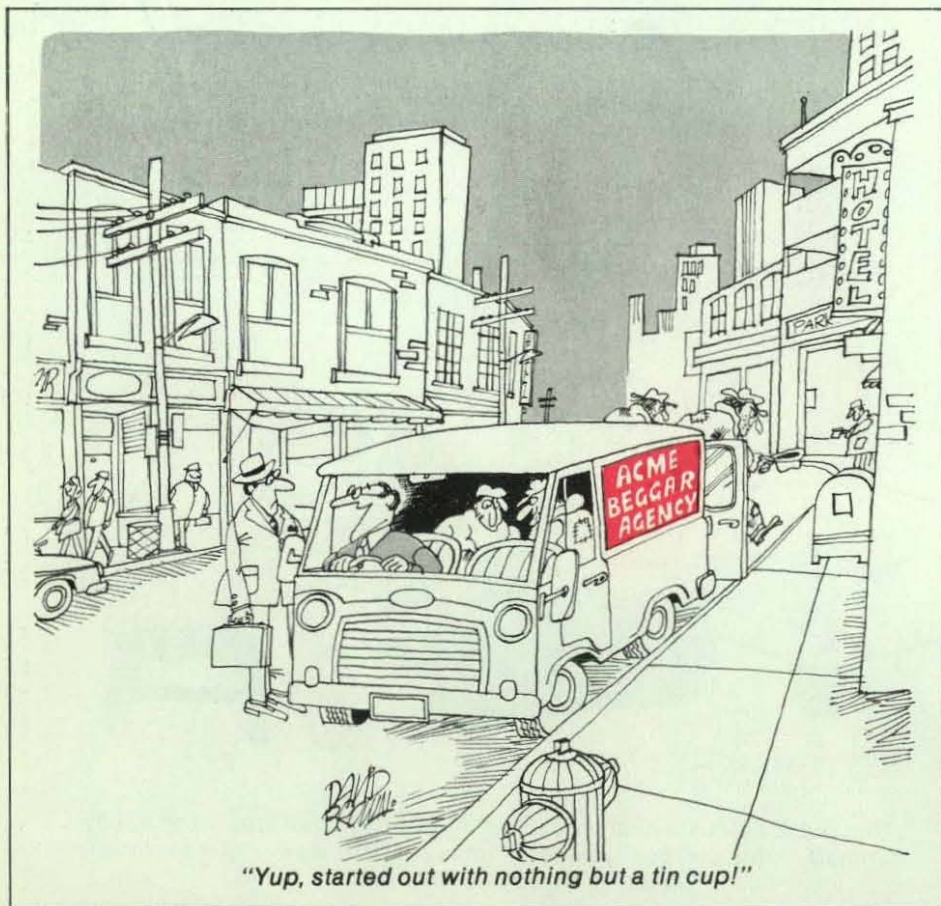
—B. G.
Topeka, Kansas

Anal fist-fucking can be extremely dangerous. A sharp fingernail could cut painfully into your rectum, and the resulting injury could take weeks to heal. Also, a fist ramming into the sigmoid colon (which is located about eight inches up the anus just above the colon) could be fatal. The tissue of the sigmoid colon has the thickness of a wet paper towel, and penetration of this tissue could easily result in internal bleeding as well as infection of the peritoneum (the membrane that lines the cavity of the abdomen). The resulting inflammation, called peritonitis, can also lead to death. If you find yourself having stomach cramps, chills and fever, rush to a hospital, as these are signs that you are bleeding internally.

One of the main problems with anal fist-fucking is that the pain receptors in the intestines only signal cramping. That's about all they tell us about what's going on inside, so it's hard for the person being fist-fucked to tell when something has gone wrong.

Family Jewels: My first husband (now deceased) was very well-built in the family-jewels area, and we had a fantastic sex life. I was always ready when he was, even though we worked different shifts and rarely slept together. My new husband is a little short in comparison. I love him dearly, but I can't seem to get the same enjoyment out of sex that I once did.

His length doesn't seem to penetrate to
(continued on page 32)





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EROTIC FILMS

Edited by Joseph Claussen

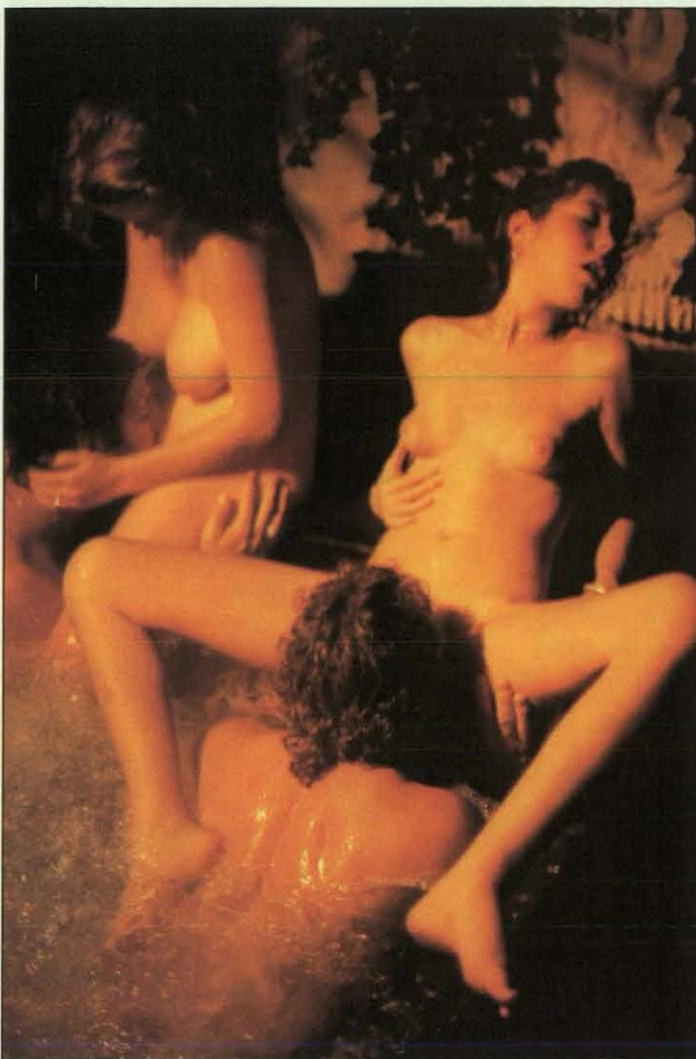
Millions of adults watch X-rated movies every week; yet the straight media have constantly ignored the obvious need to educate the public as to which films are rip-offs and which aren't. *HUSTLER's* reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we will continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to better and better productions.

Frat House

“The guys back at the house want to live out all their fantasies before they graduate,” says one of the brothers in *Frat House*, thereby stating in a nutshell the theme of this hard-core laugh riot, wittily written and directed by Sven Conrad.

The film opens with a brief encounter between a jogging frat rat and a hot chick in a red convertible. The resulting backseat fuckee-suckee is pedestrian and unmotivated. But things really heat up when the scene changes to the frat house itself, and we're quickly introduced to as horny a gang of sexual anarchists as ever failed Phys. Ed. 101.

One of the fellows (Turk Lyon) has cutaway pockets in his pants and never wears briefs. His favorite trick is to wait by a pay phone, both arms loaded down with books, until a big-titted do-gooder comes by. Then he asks her to get a dime from his pocket so he can make a call. She reaches in and finds paydirt of an unexpected kind. Another brother makes hard-core television commercials—“Brim Condoms with Vaseline and Novocaine, for easier anal penetration without pain”—which he cuts into the video-cassettes viewed at faculty meetings. And then there's the character who simply dumps water on passing chicks so he



'Frat House' delivers superb photography and plenty of horny fun.

can run out and “rescue” them with the promise of some dry clothes.

While the humor isn't exactly of Neil Simon caliber; the energy generated by the cast is

contagious. Amazingly for a porn film, the best players here are the men (Lou Denny, Mike Parker, Randy Allen and Turk Lyon), and the nonsex scenes in which they plan new atrocities

This hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to “local community standards,” the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Therefore we suggest you check with your theater to make sure that you are getting the real thing.

RATING GUIDE



ERECTION

A constant turn-on. If this won't get it up, you may be dead.



THREE-QUARTERS ERECT

Worthwhile. Almost gets it up. But it can still be beat.



HALF ERECT

So-so. Probably get it up with a little help from your fist.



ONE-QUARTER ERECT

A poor turn-on. Just might get it up if you used a crane.



TOTALLY LIMP

A turn-off. This one couldn't get it up if you used a crane.

are both witty and well-acted.

In contrast, the women in *Frat House* are mostly disappointing. But there's one exception to this, and she makes up for all the rest. Red appeared in the March issue of *HUSTLER*, and she calls herself “Lisa De-Leeue” here. The chesty red-head plays Abigail, who is a recipient of the second-floor water splash mentioned earlier. Once taken into the house and dried off, she turns on like a Christmas tree. The ten-minute blowjob that ensues ranks as nothing less than the best head ever filmed. It's also exceptionally well-photographed in soft, natural lighting, which makes it even more erotic.

Taken as a whole, *Frat House* is just a collection of sexy, funny bits and pieces that don't really make sense together. That's what prevents it from earning a full-erection rating. But the movie still delivers a very fair quota of horny fun, and it's a good flick to take your ladyfriend to—if for no other reason than that she'll receive a graduate-level education in the art of giving head... if she doesn't already know how.

—Michael Stott

I Am Always Ready



Break out the Alka-Seltzer and stomp on your hat!

Here's another totally nonerotic piece of garbage featuring Fernando Fortes, the Mexican mental midget who kept his socks on while slobbering over ungrateful bimbos in *Carnal Highways* (rated totally limp in February's *HUSTLER*). Faster than speeding dysentery, more powerful than a head of lettuce, able to leap tall tacos at a single bound—Señor Fortes regularly brings to the features that “star” him the same charm, wit and sensuous good humor that Adolf Hitler showed to the Jews of Europe.

In this particular flick Fortes attempts the role of a porn-film cameraman named Fernando who helps a new female director (Ronnie Ross) make a hard-core movie. (This last sentence, incidentally, describes the entire plot of the film from start



Patricia Rhomberg in 'Sensational Janine'—the hottest thing from Germany since the Mercedes-Benz.

to finish.) The title of the movie refers to a repeated exchange between Fortes and Ross as they work together to create "great erotic art." She says, "Are you ready, Fernando?" He replies (one hand on the camera, the other on his crotch), "Si, si, I'm ready—I'm always ready." That is the wittiest line in the whole damn picture.

The total gracelessness and stupidity of this production is further exemplified by Ross herself. Looking like Shelley Winters at her most bloated, she moves clumsily and says her lines with hesitating self-consciousness. And in one long, drawn-out, stomach-turning blowjob sequence, Ross gives head to some nameless stud with the dazed distaste of a hypnotized nun.

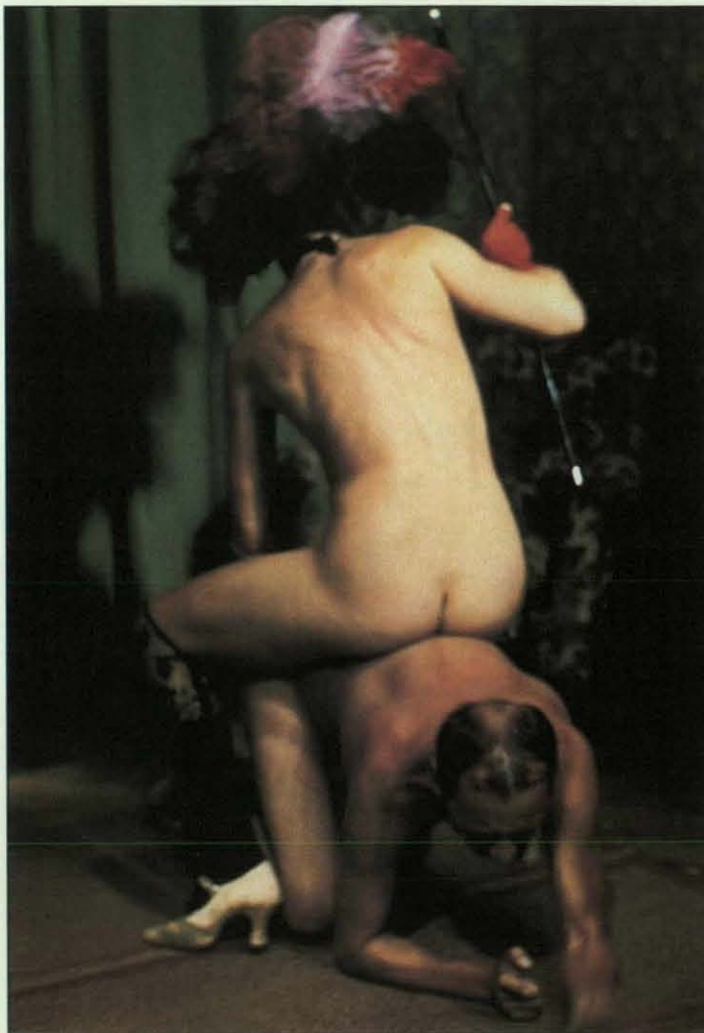
The bulk of *I Am Always Ready* consists of random, unconnected scenes of fucking and sucking. John Holmes and Marlene Monroe appear briefly, but like the rest of the cast, they pop in and out of this flick like targets in a shooting gallery. I've seen some quickies in my time, but in terms of sheer, unmotivated chaos, *I Am Always Ready* stands alone. In fact, I was so confused by the mindlessness of it all that I tried to find out how and by whom it was made. (The screen credits of "Diamond Films—directed by Troy Benny" are meaningless aliases that reveal nothing.) Here's what I found out:

I Am Always Ready is actually half of a film. The other half

will be distributed under the title of *Lusty Princess*, and the separation between them was basically made by chopping each scene in two.

The butcher responsible for these twin cinematic abortions

owns a small chain of adult theaters in Los Angeles. A thrifty soul, he would rather make his own movies, hideous though they be, than rent or buy them from producers in the usual way. And, not content



The success of 'Sensational Janine' rides on its great production.

with polluting only Southern California with his products, he sends them all over the country via the distribution arm of his business. (But wait for the punchline: In one of his theaters he employs "Mr. Fortes" on a regular basis—as the janitor.)

HUSTLER will keep you posted regarding all future productions from this individual. Until then, be sure to stay away from *Carnal Highways*, *I Am Always Ready* and *Lusty Princess*.

—M. S.

Sensational Janine

☛ No doubt about it—*Sensational Janine* may be the hottest thing to come out of Germany since the Mercedes-Benz. Smutwise, it's a limousine among porn flicks.

This hot little story, set in early-20th-century England, is supposedly based on the memoirs of a madam named Janine Gray. The real Janine Gray couldn't possibly have been any more seductive than beautiful, busty, absolutely alluring Patricia Rhomberg, who plays the lead role.

The story begins while Janine is still a virgin. After some innocent foreplay with her stepbrother, Janine seduces a local man who pays her to be discreet. Janine would have kept quiet for nothing, but still she takes to the concept of pay-for-play like sperm to an ovum.

Then, when her mother dies, Janine takes over the household chores—both in the kitchen and in the sack. It seems Mom had been servicing a boarder in addition to serving him breakfast in bed. Before long the father rents Janine's room to another boarder, and she's forced to share a bed with her late mother's husband. Janine and Papa Gray hit it off just fine until their boarder, Rudolph, makes them an offer they can't refuse. Threatening to expose their incestuous affair to the authorities, he strongly suggests that they turn their home into a brothel.

Before you can say "cat-house," the money begins to pour in, and Janine is on her way to her first real trick. But that's where the film ends, with



'Sensational Janine' is a sensational film, well worth a good look.

Janine promising to return in a sequel in which she'll show us the remainder of her carnal career.

The real delights of this bawdy, funny tale are not only the torrid, unrelenting lust, the beautiful camera work and cutting, and the authentic period sets and costumes. There's also the dialogue, as when Janine loses (or sells) her cherry to a man named Hutchinson.

"This is fantastic," she says. "Thank you."

"No," he replies. "Let me thank *you* for allowing me to be the first to appreciate your incredible gift." And all this studied graciousness while he's balling her with enough gusto to rattle her knickers.

Similarly, when Janine goes to confession, the priest insists it would be better to show him

her sins rather than tell him about them.


"Well, there was the missionary position," Janine begins, matching deed to word.

"Oh," says the priest. "So *that's* what all those guys go to Africa for."

Maybe not. But *Sensational Janine* is definitely the kind of rollicking, raunchy smut all us guys go to sex films for.

—Manny Neuhaus

Tigresses - and Other Maneaters

 *Tigresses—and Other Maneaters* features at least one real "tigress": Samantha Fox. No matter what you may have thought of her in other films,

here she's a goddess of fellatio. Introducing the film, and reappearing throughout to set up its several short bits (each one supposedly about a "tigress"), she shows what cocksucking is all about.

All we see is a man's torso along the lower part of the screen as Samantha delivers some absolutely sensational head, looking like Eve on her knees for Adam. Amid throaty coos and purrs, she slowly opens her big, sexy eyes and looks directly into the camera. She removes the cock from her mouth and begins talking to us, the audience, while she caresses the anonymous hard-on, rubbing it adoringly over her lips, nose and cheeks. She flips a switch in your brain: "*That's* what *I* want in a woman," you realize.

Beyond that, the episodes themselves are reasonably well-conceived and well-produced, but they never match the sexual heat generated by Samantha. One scene, for example, features Jill Monroe—a post-operative transsexual and a credit to both her sexes—as a hooker who picks up lonely sailors, and she gives a surprisingly good performance.

Also here are a pair of newcomers, Diane and Denise Sloan, twins who come on more like Edsels of sexuality than tigresses. In another abbreviated tale Vanessa Del Rio portrays Rosita, a South American businesswoman who seduces her associates while feigning total ignorance of the English language (this section has subtitles).

On the technical side this film makes one major breakthrough: the conspicuous absence of bump-and-grind music. The hard-core scenes are neither scripted nor dubbed, but seem instead to be accompanied by the sounds and general background noises that occurred during filming. The net effect is that the sex becomes more real, and about ten times more erotic than when the players emit *oohs*, *ahs* and *arrghs* while tits or cocks jam their mouths. I hope other filmmakers catch onto the idea. Simple as it sounds, it can turn even a wretched fuck film into a respectable piece of erotica.

—M.N.

ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER. The films named below may currently be showing at a theater in your neighborhood.

Erection

Babylon Pink

Easy

Her Name Was Lisa

Legend of Lady Blue

Sex Roulette

Star Virgin

The Ecstasy Girls

Three-Quarters Erect

Blonde in Black Silk

Debbie Does Dallas

800 Fantasy Lane

Heavenly Desire

Jack 'n Jill

Ms. Magnificent

Pro Ball Cheerleaders

Satin Suite

Serena

Tangerine

Half Erect

Bangkok Connection

China Sisters

Double Your Pleasure

For Richer, For Poorer

Fulfilling Young Cups

Laura's Desires

Robins Nest

Taxi Girls

Telefantasy

The Little Blue Box

The New York Babes

The Pleasure Shoppe

The Sensuous Detective

Two Sisters

One-Quarter Erect

Blue Perfume

Dracula Sucks

Hot Honey

Hot Lunch

Hot Rackets

More Than Sisters

Mystique

Totally Limp

Candy Goes to Hollywood!

Carnal Highways

Fur Trap

Hardcore

Sweet Savage

Tropic of Desire



Rikki O'Neal is one of the maneaters from the movie 'Tigresses.'

BOOKS

Edited by Joseph Claussen

Prostitution: An Illustrated Social History

By Vern and Bonnie Bullough;
Crown Publishers, Inc., 1 Park
Avenue, New York, New York
10016; \$14.95

This is the most complete history of prostitution anywhere. With more than 100 illustrations, it shows prostitution both in the present day and back through the ages, in art, law and literature. The authors have done a mind-boggling amount of research and collecting, and they write skillfully about their subject—the whores and cathouses, baths and brothels, books and songs and signs, and especially the reactions of various societies and religions toward prostitution from earliest times on up to the present.

As the introduction points out, in-depth accounts of prostitution have been hard to come by. For centuries, when anyone's done studies at all, the studies have been conducted by writers with a Message, usually an antiprostitution one. And that's pretty amazing when you realize that "the oldest profession" has had a heavy impact all through history on any number of social, political, cultural and psychological matters. These range from bribery to love and marriage, and include medicine, inheritance, "re-



Donald Roller Wilson's 'Dreams': Smoking knees and other strange phenomena showcase this unusual talent.

form," social control, snobbery and a score of other things, including the right of a person to get his or her ashes hauled without any other involvement when he or she wants to.

The book takes you on a guided tour of prostitution, from the ancient Middle East through the Greeks, Romans, Christians and Moslems; medieval Europe (whoring among kings and commoners); the American scene and the worlds of medicine and women's rights; and finally the changes we see happening and those we can expect. And all through the trip you are going

to see pictures, drawings, scrolls, statues, waybills and photographs from every place and every age. This book is more than good—it's needed.

—Theodore Sturgeon

The Dreams of Donald Roller Wilson

By Donald Roller Wilson;
Hawthorn Books, Inc., 260
Madison Avenue, New York, New
York 10016; \$9.95

Your first reaction to these beautiful color plates is going to be, Man, you've got to be kidding! You'll see dogs and cats and chimps in funny clothes, animals with cigarettes dangling out of their mouths, stuffed olives floating in mid-air, a rolled roast (only it's blue) and other strange phenomena in this collection of artworks with long, incomprehensible titles.

Anyway, you look again and it isn't a piece of blue meat; it's a pair of faded jeans crumpled on top of a small round table. And when you realize that, you wonder how the hell you thought it was anything else. Because every stitch, every tooth where the zipper shows, and every fold and seam is here,

along with every wrinkle in the tablecloth.

This stuff grabs you first because it's crazy or funny. But it grabs you after that because you're looking at real Old Masters techniques of light and color and texture—skin texture, fur, fabric, glass or something wet.

There's a good foreword by Ralph T. Coe that helps a lot. He describes how Wilson works, carefully dressing a cor-



Wilson's crumpled blue jeans.

ner of his studio like a store-window display with bones, nuns, nudes, coffeepots, chimpanzees, stewpots, broken mannequins or whatever. Then Wilson turns off all the lights—



Hookers of yesteryear are illustrated in 'Prostitution,' a social history.



'Dreams' of chimpanzees in business suits and cigarette-smoking kittens, by Donald Roller Wilson.

except for the one on his canvas—and just lets the painting happen.

The contrast between crazy ideas, subjects and titles and the meticulous control of his tools is just too much. You may laugh a lot, but you'll puzzle a lot too, and maybe some day you'll again see paint handled as well as this. But not better—no way.

—T. S.

Black Macho & the Myth of the Superwoman

By Michele Wallace; *The Dial Press, 1 Dag Hammar skjold Plaza, New York, New York 10017; \$7.95*

Black men and black women have a problem: They hate each other. That's the point Michele Wallace tries to make in this somewhat long-winded "psychohistorical" book.

Wallace is a feminist, and she tries to explain the search for black identity in sexual terms. Black macho, she believes, is the white myth that the black man is basically a well-hung beast. It is, she says, an excuse whites use to control blacks; she maintains that the black man and the white man both believe that just about all a black man needs is a "penis in good working order."

Black men feel betrayed and spiritually castrated by the black "superwoman"—the woman of great strength and

soul who can endure the heaviest miseries and defeats. The "superwoman" is the black man's worst enemy, and he blames her for his being oppressed, persecuted, out of work, drunk, in jail or addicted.

Black women feel betrayed too. The black man can't live out the role of black macho, and the black woman can't live out the role of the superwoman. *Black Macho* is a history of a politically split, sexually hostile and emotionally devastated people.

Because the black man sees the black woman as his enemy, and because she more or less agrees with him, the sexes remain divided. Wallace thinks that lack of choice is what stunts the growth of black

unity. By being forced to live out roles like "black macho" and the "superwoman," the ability to choose goals and aims in life is taken away, and the myths go on.

Black Macho & the Myth of the Superwoman is an intelligent and insightful book. It's an interesting way to look at history, but it's disappointing for the here-and-now. Michele Wallace's unsatisfying and simplistic conclusion is that the black woman hasn't become what she could be, and the author makes no suggestions as to how that can be changed.

—Jerold Pearson

Sexercise

By Jack Hofer; illustrated by Cornelia Hice Gray; *A&W Visual*

Library, 95 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10016; \$8.95

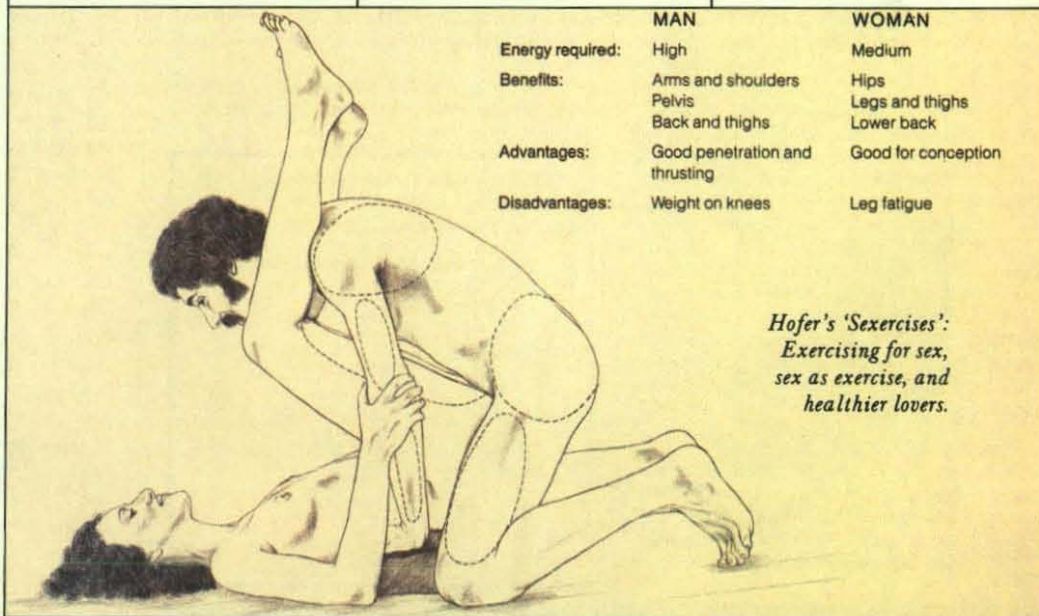
If you feel good, you fuck good. That's the message Jack Hofer brings you in one of the best how-to sex books in years. He writes clearly, and the explicit drawings by Cornelia Hice Gray complement the writing perfectly.

What you have here is a complete 12-minute daily program of exercises that will get rid of flab and tune up the nerves and muscles—if you stick with it. Many of these exercises can be done sitting in a car or train, or at your desk, or standing, walking and (of course) lying down.

Hofer explains why each exercise is in the book, how it works and what it does. And one of the very best sections, with accompanying drawings, is an analysis of various sexual positions. This works two ways: First it tells you up-front what to avoid (if this or that part of your body is likely to poop out, for example); then it shows you how you can ball to bring a workout to the parts that may need it.

This isn't a mechanical blueprint. In those analyses of the pros and cons of various sexual techniques, Hofer gives as much attention to the necessity to see, fondle and talk to each other as he does to the exercises and the sex act itself.

What it comes down to is that good sex is a part of a whole human being, and when Hofer's through with you, you'll be a healthy, whole human being. Recommended.—T. S.



	MAN	WOMAN
Energy required:	High	Medium
Benefits:	Arms and shoulders Pelvis Back and thighs	Hips Legs and thighs Lower back
Advantages:	Good penetration and thrusting	Good for conception
Disadvantages:	Weight on knees	Leg fatigue

Hofer's 'Sexercises':
Exercising for sex,
sex as exercise, and
healthier lovers.

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Photo by Charlie Airwaves

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ADVISE & CONSENT

(continued from page 24)

the right place or something, but he is an excellent lover in all other aspects. To make matters worse, we work the same hours, so we always sleep together.

I feel bad refusing him, but I just can't seem to get excited about sex with him. We've been married for more than a year, and I know he thinks I'm frigid. I really don't want to be. Would sex devices help or just hurt his feelings? What should I do? I don't want to spend my life missing my dead husband and pretending pleasure I don't feel with my new husband. Yet I really love him, and I don't want to lose him. —A. H.

Oshkosh, Wisconsin

Most doctors and sex researchers agree that penis size effects pleasure on a psychological level more than on a physical level. It sounds like you may not be completely through mourning the death of your first husband. Instead of punishing yourself and your new spouse for the loss of your first husband (by idealizing him), you need to loosen up and start enjoying your sexuality again. Go ahead and try sex devices and anything else that will help to reawaken your desires. Perhaps you and your new husband should seek the aid of a qualified sex therapist to assist you in getting over the death of your first husband and help you to enjoy sex with your new mate.

Back Door Locked: I am 22 and have been married for two years, and my husband and I have a beautiful sex life. There isn't anything he wouldn't do for me, but I can't let him fuck me in the ass. I've tried, but just as his dick enters my asshole, I feel too much pain, even before he moves. Can you give me some advice and techniques?

—Name Withheld by Request
Los Angeles, California

The next time you and your husband make love, have him insert his finger inside your anus about an inch just as you are about to reach orgasm. If his finger is well-lubricated, this will be even more enjoyable for you. When you get to where you are really enjoying this feeling and are ready for a little more, have him insert two fingers. After you are able to accommodate two or three fingers with pleasure, you're ready for his well-lubricated penis.

The first few times it is better if he puts his penis in only an inch or two, uses a lot of lubricant and moves inside you very slowly. He will know by your reactions when you are ready to take all of him and when you are ready for some thrusting. Remember that neither his fingers nor his penis should move directly from your anus to your vagina; this can spread infection.

If you try the above and you're still experiencing pain, check with your doctor to make sure you don't have intestinal problems or hemorrhoids, both of which can cause pain and discomfort during anal intercourse. If nothing's wrong and you're still experiencing pain, it probably means that anal intercourse isn't for you. ☹️

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Xandria, 115 Wisconsin St., San Francisco

Dr. Judith Steinhart is Clinical Assistant Professor in Health Sciences at the State University of New York at Stony Brook. She is also a state-certified sex educator and therapist. She received her doctorate from the Institute for Advanced Study of Human Sexuality in San Francisco, California, and has published articles on various aspects of sexuality in *Forum* and *Sexology* magazines.

Many sexual pleasures have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with *HUSTLER's* belief that the repression of natural and healthy urges is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of informative articles to increase your sexual knowledge, to lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a much better lover.

What makes a good lover? Is it the size of a man's penis? How hard he gets? How long he lasts? Or are there other factors to consider? Take the following test to discover how YOU rate as a lover. For each question, circle *one* answer that best describes your usual feelings. Choose your answers quickly; this test is designed to measure your initial responses. (Answers appear on page 104.)

1. After making love...

(a) I usually turn over and go to sleep; (b) I usually hold my lover and talk quietly till we both drift off, begin again or decide to get up; (c) I usually ask my lover, "Are you sure you're finished? Don't you want another orgasm?" and wonder whether she faked the last one.

2. On my lover's birthday...

(a) I get her something I know she likes and take her to her favorite restaurant; (b) I send her a card if I remember; (c) I fill her apartment with flowers and champagne, then take her to a *very* expensive restaurant.

3. When I think about making love to my lover... (a) I get horny; (b) I get horny and think how lucky I am for such a hot number to want a man like me; (c) I get horny and appreciate our closeness and compatibility.

4. When I masturbate... (a) I try to get it over with as quickly as possible; (b) I enjoy the pleasure my body gives me; (c) I feel guilty.

5. As for birth control... (a) It's her problem; (b) We've used a variety of methods. Sometimes it's fun to switch off; (c) Aren't all modern women on the

Pill?; (d) I've undergone a vasectomy.

6. When my lover sucks me... (a) I know that she is doing something that she enjoys, and I like the way she makes me feel; (b) I put my hands on the side of her head to make my cock go deeper into her mouth; (c) I worry about how she will react if I come in her mouth.

7. When I have sex... (a) I want my lover to be on top, since women are supposed to have the best orgasms that way; (b) I like to be on top. That's the right way to do it; (c) I like to vary the positions, depending on how I feel at the time.

8. When my lover has an orgasm... (a) I am not aware of it; (b) I want to get out

(c) I let out sounds, at times louder and more enthusiastic than at others.

14. When my lover makes sounds during sex... (a) I wonder if she is faking; (b) I get mad because I think she is showing off; (c) I'm reassured that she is enjoying herself with me; (d) I love the sounds—they turn me on even more.

15. When I want to make love... (a) I put her hand on my cock; (b) I come up to her from behind, mold my body to hers and kiss the side of her neck; (c) I wait for her to approach me. I don't want to be rejected.

16. My best asset as a lover is... (a) my waterbed; (b) my staying power; (c) my giant cock; (d) my sensual and playful

the champagne because it is such a rare occurrence; (c) I want her to make a lot of noise so the neighbors will know what a sensational lover I am; (d) I love the sounds she makes and the way she looks and moves.

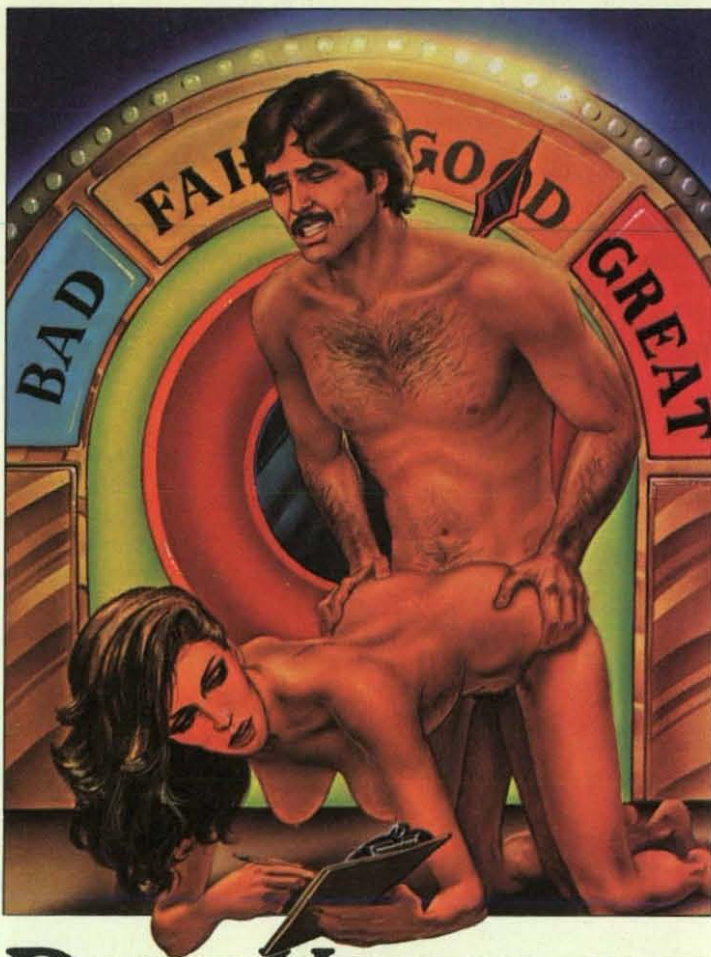
9. When my lover *doesn't* have an orgasm... (a) I ask her how she feels about it. Sometimes it bothers her more than at other times. Sometimes it bothers *me* more than at other times; (b) I feel it is my fault; (c) I figure that's the way it goes.

10. When my lover suggests something new to try... (a) I'll try it whether or not it feels comfortable to me; (b) If it feels comfortable, I'll try it once to see how we like it; (c) I never have to worry about that because we do it the same way all the time.

11. If my lover suggested using a vibrator together... (a) I'd say, "Sure, let's try it," but I'd feel awful inside; (b) I'd say, "What do you want to use *that* thing for?"; (c) I'd try it. Toys can be fun.

12. When I go down on my lover... (a) I love the way she tastes, moves and sounds; (b) I don't do it. It grosses me out; (c) I breathe through my mouth to keep from gagging, and I hope she comes quickly.

13. When I have an orgasm... (a) I'm silent; (b) I make sounds because they are a turn-on to women—besides, I want my neighbors to know I have company;



RATE YOURSELF AS A LOVER

by Dr. Judith Steinhart, D.A.

nature; (e) my mirrored ceiling.

17. An ideal mate for me is one...

(a) who looks like a model; (b) who wants it every time I do; (c) who is sensitive and caring.

18. When I'm feeling horny, I call my lover and say... (a) "I've been hot for you all day"; (b) "Come over, let's fuck"; (c) "Want a massage?"

19. When my lover touches herself during sex... (a) I remove her hand and place it on my cock; (b) I wonder what the matter is with me. What am I doing wrong that she likes *her* hands better than mine? (c) I get hot watching her get hot; (d) I watch to see what she is doing so that I can learn to do that to her myself.

20. Sometimes when I'm with my lover... (a) I'd rather hold her than have sex; (b) I feel like sex is work, but I'll do it anyway; (c) I don't feel like kissing her.

21. I have... (a) a double bed, but I rarely change the sheets. We usually do it at her house; (b) a king-size bed with lots of room to sleep and move, good-looking sheets, a quilted comforter and many soft pillows; (c) satin sheets—but I haven't used them yet, because I don't want to get them dirty.

22. When I can't get it up with my lover... (a) I apologize; (b) I'm not too thrilled, but I take it in stride. Either way, I can still make love and enjoy it;

(c) I'm afraid that I will never be able to have another erection in my life; (d) I make her suck me to see if that works.

23. When I come before I want to... (a) I know that next time will be different; (b) I worry about her telling her friends; (c) I can still enjoy myself sexually, and I can still please my partner; (d) I just say, "Well, that's the way it goes," and get something to eat from the fridge.

24. When I'm making love... (a) I can hardly wait to come; (b) I enjoy each touch, stroke and sensation one step at a time; (c) I wonder how I'm doing; (d) I try to remember the new techniques that I most recently read about.

25. How would I rate myself as a lover? (a) I know I am not the best, but maybe next month. I just bought three new books...; (b) I do okay; (c) I get no complaints; (d) I know I'm not the best, but I'll die trying; (e) I know there is still a lot to learn about myself as well as about my lover, and I like discovering it; (f) I enjoy myself, and my lover does too. What else matters?

* * *

In most tests a higher score means a higher quality. In this test, however, the score in the middle will represent the better lover. Rather than perpetuate the "more, bigger, better" theme already so prevalent in male sexuality, the middle score will represent a balance rather

than an extreme. If your score is between 25 and 41 points, read about the Type A lover. If your score is between 42 and 58, read about the Type B lover. For a score between 59 and 75, read about the Type C lover.

Type A (25-41 points): This type of lover sees sex as a goal-oriented activity. He moves directly to orgasm rather than enjoy the process of getting there. He is more concerned with *his* pleasure than with that of his partner, but he doesn't allow himself very much pleasure. When satisfied sexually, he's ready for the next activity on the agenda.

Type A is probably uncomfortable with his body. He doesn't particularly care or even notice what shape his body is in. He rarely looks at himself in the mirror except while shaving, or to give himself a quick once-over to make sure that he is presentable. The Type A lover thinks that women are there to serve and please him. Although he cares about his lover, his macho image of himself prevents him from expressing his real feelings. As a result, he seems aloof, unconcerned and uncaring.

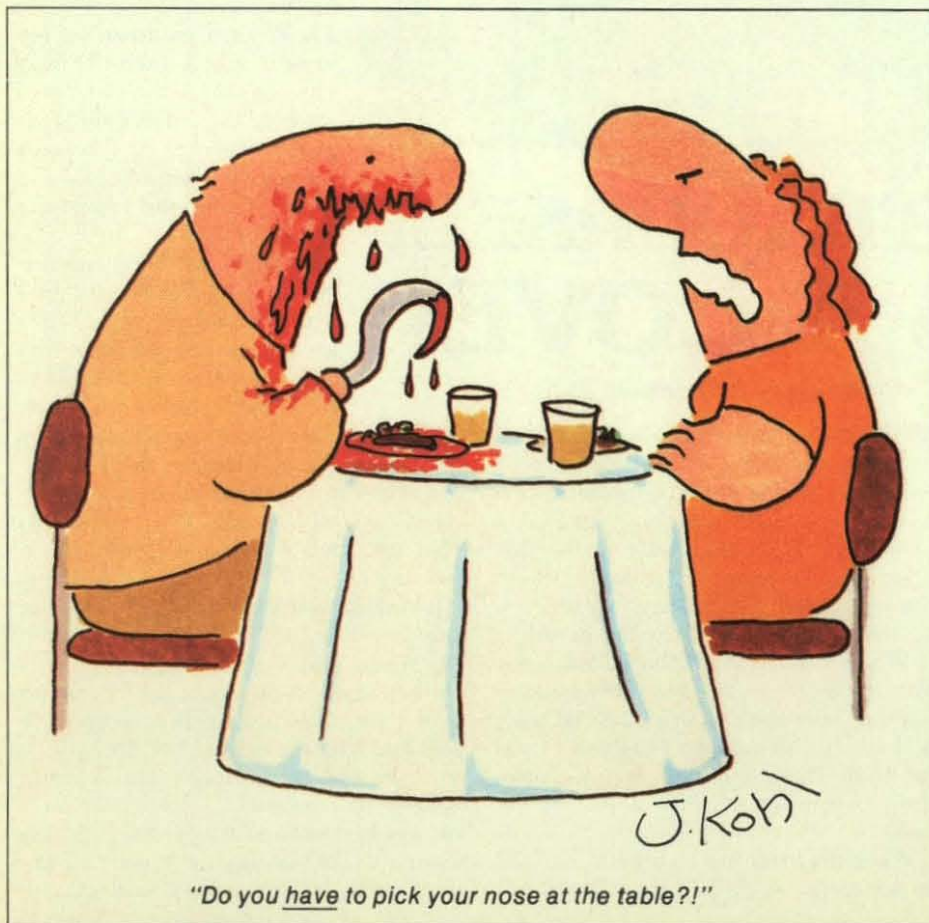
This type of lover has great potential. He can learn to increase the sensations he receives, rather than race to the "goal." He can also spend time learning about, and really paying attention to, what pleases his lovers. As his lovers experience more pleasure, so will Type A. The banquet is there for the tasting.

Type B (42-58 points): This type is a good—and perhaps *ideal*—lover. He is not the *perfect* lover, for the perfect lover would be a machine, and women want to be with men, not machines. He is comfortable with himself and with his body. He trusts his feelings as well as the feelings of his partner. Concerned and caring, he expresses his feelings to those close to him. He enjoys a variety of sexual encounters, sometimes playful, sometimes intense. He is concerned with his partner's pleasure as well as his own.

Type B is eager to experiment with new positions, patterns and behaviors, and he sensitively expresses his preferences. He is not afraid to say that he does not feel sexual at a particular moment. He expresses his feelings without worrying about his masculinity, confident that his lover will understand.

Sex for the Type B lover includes a sense of discovery. Rather than race to achieve orgasm, he enjoys each exquisite, delicious sensation. He feels that he deserves pleasure, and he receives it as graciously as he gives it. He pays attention to the messages that his lover gives him, for he is eager to learn about her sexuality. For him, each lover brings something special to the relationship as

(continued on page 104)



"Do you have to pick your nose at the table?!"



Electro Foreskin Fantasy—New! Uncircumsized remote control dildo. Life-like, with MOVE-ABLE FORESKIN to give pleasure too real and exciting to believe! 8½" of sheer thrills. **\$17.95.** Code 124

Macho Man—7½" X 1¼" of meaty phallus complete with balls and designed to satisfy. Looks and feels so real. And it fits all harnesses and holders—just what she needs. **\$9.95.** Code 127



Orgasm Net—Slip on and give clitoral AND vaginal massage — gently and continuously—with no hands! Open design allows maximum pleasure for him, success every time with her and aids in longer erections! **\$3.95.** Code 130.



Lazy Man's TOLL FREE SHOP-BY-PHONE CATALOG



Vibro Condom Extender—Add inches by slipping this extension-fitted condom over penis. Multi-speed vibro-tip will drive you both wild! **\$9.95.** Code 133.

Gemini Dong—Double delight! So real, a couple can go wild. And the wire core allows shaping it to fit your dreams. **\$9.95.** Code 136.



Electro Pocket Vagina — Portable vibrating playmate — *with pubic hair!* Carry anywhere. Looks so real! **\$12.95.** Code 139.



The Seducer — The ultimate remote control dildo. First it vibrates, then rotates left or right on command! The moans will say it all. **\$19.95.** Code 142.

Sta-Erect Sheath—Shimmering latex—allows full penis head exposure—you feel it all! Designed to hold erection indefinitely, safely, for that secure feeling. Conditions users to prolong erections naturally. **\$12.95.** Code 145.



Pumpable Penis — Hand pump inflates this veined & ridged latex dildo to your perfect fit! Multi - speed control and clitoral stimulator adds the final touch. **\$24.95.** Code 148.

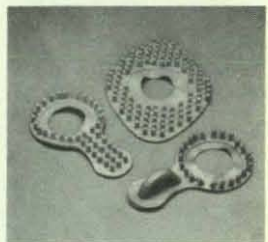


Pulsating Love Tunnel—Come clean with this flexible, handsomely styled vibro-ejaculator with vari-speed control and pneumatic pump to produce exciting rhythmic sensations as you control the tightness! Comes with extra pleasure ridges. Batteries included. **\$39.95.** Code 151.

Neumo Extension—Slips on soft penis. Pump and it holds—NO STRAPS! Helps induce erection. At 7"X1¼" it will do the job. PRICE BREAKTHROUGH—**\$19.95.** Code 154.



Clitoral Stimulator Kit — 3 slip-ons with dozens of supple nipples. Each produces a different result with every thrust. **\$5.95.** Code 157.



Vibrating Passion Rings — Famous bendable vibrator sensation. So firm yet flexible with power to spare, now fitted with supple rings along the shaft for thrills she could only imagine! **\$7.95.** Code 160.



Electro Butt Plug — Anal ecstasy to fill, excite. Multi-speed controls will climax any sex play as never before! **\$12.95.** Code 163.

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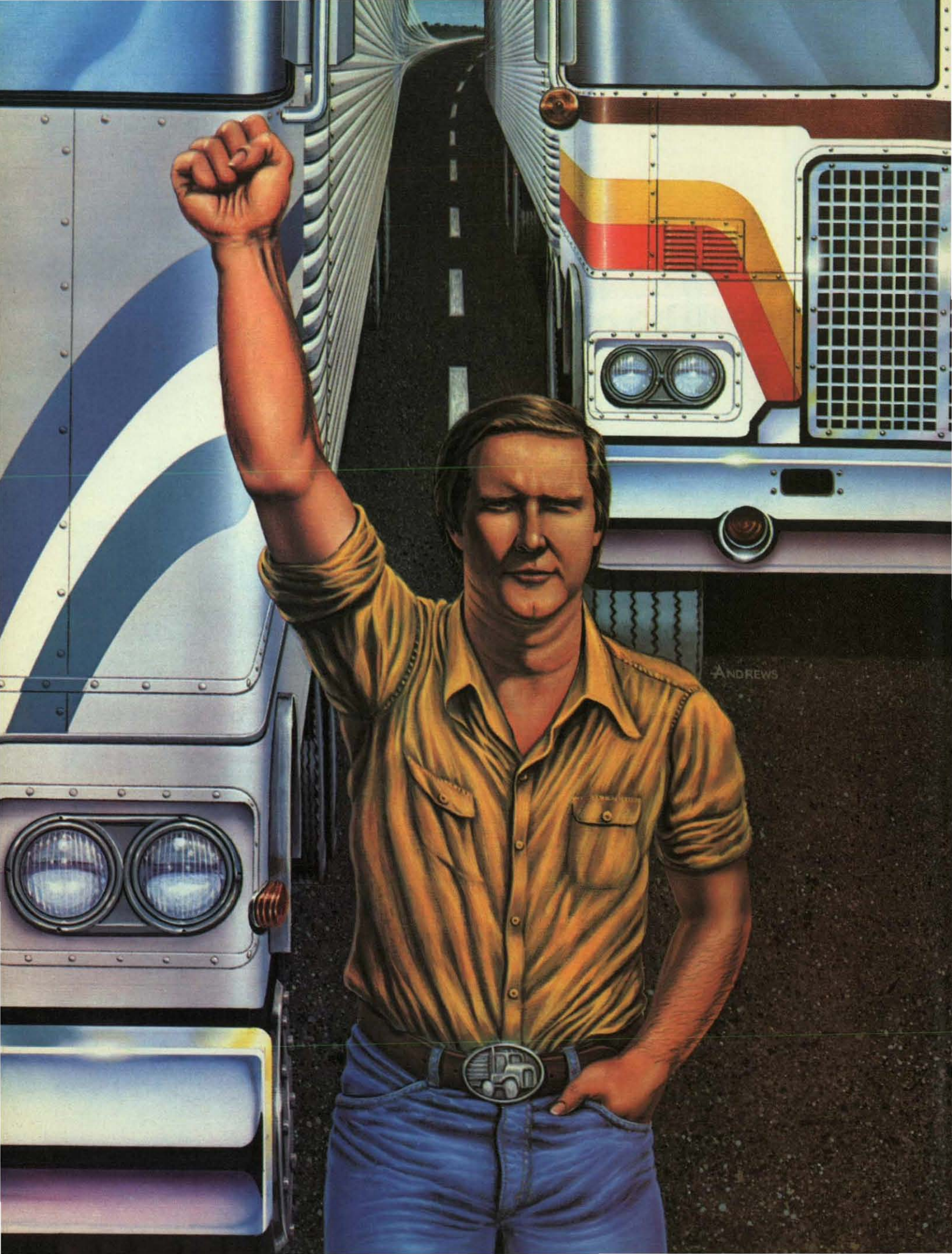
Sirs. Please rush me the items circled below. I have enclosed my check/ money order and \$2 postage and handling (N.Y. residents add sales tax).

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#127—\$9.95	#142—\$19.95	#157—\$5.95
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MIKE PARKHURST

TALKING TOUGH FOR THE AMERICAN TRUCKER

The pungent odor of diesel fuel lies heavy in the humid afternoon, masking the aroma of freshly poured asphalt underfoot at the newly opened Truckstops of America complex just outside Nashville, Tennessee. The persistent belching of air brakes announces the arrival of a steady procession of huge 18-wheelers; the baleful moan of airhorns signals their departure. Sixty-foot-long refrigerator trucks carrying lettuce. Flatbeds loaded with 80,000 pounds of steel. Dry boxes hauling canned goods. They all line up at the computerized pumps, gulping down 150 gallons of diesel fuel at a sitting.

From the roof of the truckstop restaurant a 30-foot banner hangs limply in the air. Its big red letters read, SALUTING THE WORLD'S BEST DRIVERS AND THE SPIRIT OF FREE ENTERPRISE—a tribute to the Independent Truckers Association's eighth convention, under way just down Interstate 24. The annual event is a gathering of free-lance truckers (men who shun employment by large trucking companies) from across the country, and is being presided over by the controversial Mike Parkhurst, founder and president of the ITA.

Later in the day some 500 visiting delegates and their families will converge at this truckstop for the taping of a cable-television Country & Western special called *Truckin' in Nashville*. Already two dozen gleaming rigs that will serve as backdrops for the \$130,000-plus production have assembled in the shape

of an outsized oval reminiscent of the Old West, when wagon trains under siege formed a circle for protection. The deployment of these 600-horsepower rigs seems especially symbolic. The once-ostracized independent trucker—tattooed, crewcut, with a wad of tobacco in his cheek—now finds himself the latter-day incarnation of a vanishing breed. He is the last American Cowboy, the rugged individualist who prefers the wide-open spaces to the confining limits of the city. Ultimately, his most significant relationship is with his hard-driving, stomach-scrambling brute of a rig.

On this day dozens of such trucks proudly rest beside one another. Lovingly buffed and polished White Freightliners, GMC Brigadiers, Mack Super-Liners, Volvos and International Harvester Eagles have gathered for the television festivities. As the rigs' owners shine their chrome-plated engines in anticipation of the day's events, bare-chested workers set up spotlights and string electrical wires to a flatbed truck that will serve as a stage for Country & Western singers and musicians.

Precisely at 3 o'clock, fully four hours before the TV show is scheduled to get under way, a rented Lincoln Continental pulls to an abrupt halt near the staging area. From behind the wheel steps Mike Parkhurst, a powerfully built man in his early 40s, with a hint of paunch that his powder-blue leisure suit fails to conceal. Walking awkwardly, like an over-the-hill linebacker, he carries an attache case and a plastic satchel read-

ing, "*Overdrive*—Not Only a Magazine, But a Crusade."

Besides being the ITA's highly visible president, Parkhurst also functions as the hard-hitting editor/publisher of *Overdrive*, a monthly magazine that is subtitled "The Voice of Truth." The television special, arranged largely through his efforts, will give increased visibility—and with it, credibility—to the ITA's 30,000 truckers.

Two months earlier, in June 1979, Parkhurst had engineered a massive trucking shutdown designed in part to protest soaring fuel prices. It was a strike that economically crippled various sections of the country. As independents blockaded truckstops, preventing both independents and drivers employed by large carriers from obtaining fuel, millions of dollars' worth of produce rotted in the nation's fields each day. Hormel, Armour and other meat-processing plants closed down. The stocks of goods on supermarket shelves dwindled.

Even worse, some independents trying to force others to shut down, and some Teamsters posing as independents, had fired into the cabs of at least 31 big rigs in 18 states, mortally wounding one driver in Alabama. Other rigs had their windshields smashed by rocks, or lost tires to nails strewn on the highway. The threat of vandalism prompted the Governor of Iowa to declare a state of emergency. Two hundred National Guardsmen armed with automatic weapons were deployed to get block-

PROFILE BY RICHARD WARREN LEWIS

Illustration by John Andrews

aded gasoline tankers moving again in Minnesota.

Protesting ITA members snarled traffic in Washington, D.C., blaring their horns as Parkhurst presented his "Declaration of Independents" to White House staffers. The program not only called for unrestricted access to fuel supplies, but also uniform state laws governing the weight and length of trucks, raising the speed limit on federal roads to 65 miles per hour and, most important of all, equal status between independent owner/operators and the large carriers that were effectively controlling them. Makeshift signs detailing demands were slapped on the sides of rigs prowling the streets: I'M NOT GOING TO WORK FOR STARVATION WAGES ANY MORE! ... THERE'S NO FOOL SHORTAGE IN THE WHITE HOUSE! ... THE WHITE HOUSE IS TRYING TO MAKE FUELS OF TRUCKERS! ... DEAR PRESIDENT CARTER: UP YOUR GAS! ... WE NEED TO COMPETE SO AMERICA CAN EAT! ... WE HAVE SHUT DOWN, BUT WE WON'T SHUT UP!

The shutdown gave Parkhurst and the ITA much-desired visibility. He was seen frequently on television-network news programs, explaining how bureaucratic snarls and indifferent governmental agencies prevented his members from making a respectable living. He

was quoted widely in the nation's press about the years of oppression and frustration experienced by independents. But the shootings and violence—no matter who deserved responsibility—did little to promote his organization's image of good old-fashioned American respectability. It was hoped that shows like *Truckin' in Nashville* would help to bury such regrettable memories. And that's why Parkhurst has arrived at the Nashville truckstop hours ahead of time—to make certain that things are going smoothly. Mike Parkhurst likes no surprises.

Stepping into the makeshift arena circled by the ring of trucks, Parkhurst notices that nobody is setting up the five dozen rows of chairs that the arriving truckers will soon be occupying.

"Christ!" he mutters, checking his wristwatch. "How the hell are they going to get the chairs in here on time? They should have set them up first. How inefficient can you get?" Determinedly, he shuffles toward the stage. "Who's in charge here?!" he bellows. "We've got a lot of work to do."

Next his attention focuses on the trucks themselves. Parkhurst knows that at least one long-lens camera will be making panoramic shots of these seductive big rigs during the performance. God forbid he should lose a chance for some free ITA publicity. Like a man pos-

sessed, he methodically mounts ITA decals on the hood and doors of every visible rig, carefully centering each one of his organization's stars-and-stripes shields. Before leaving, he designates the side of a 40-foot trailer as the place where the ITA banner will be strung, next to a similarly sized American flag.

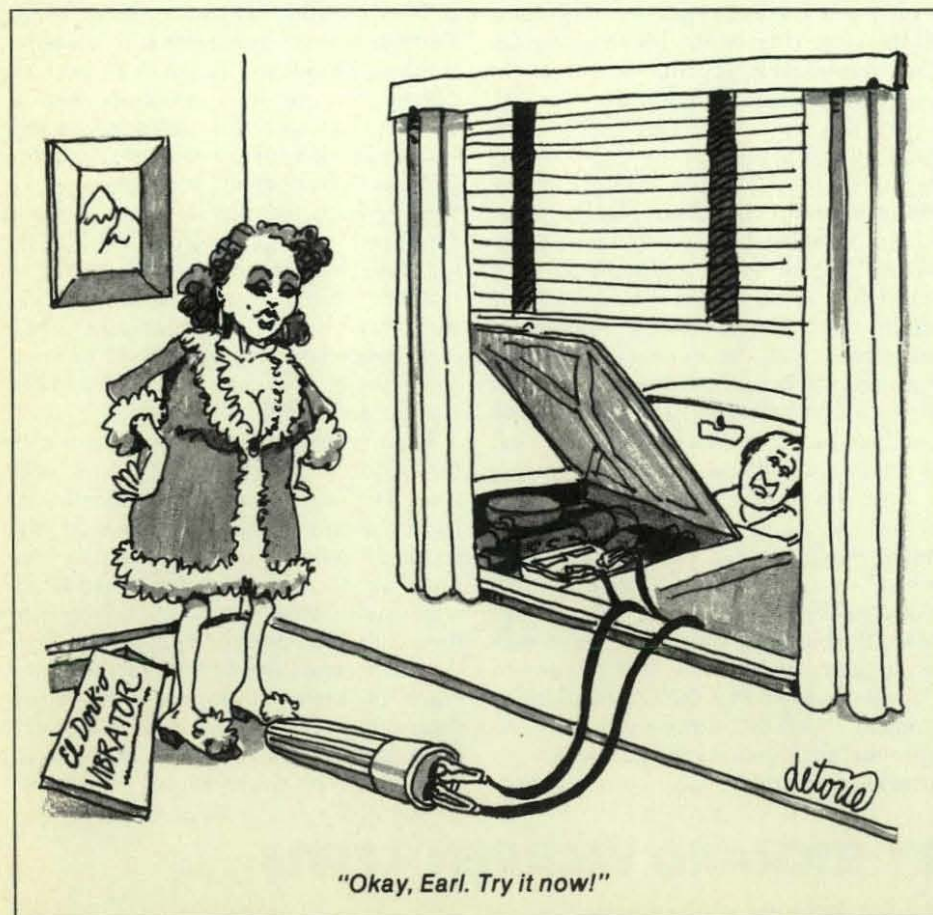
Parkhurst has always emphasized his organization's patriotic thrust. For years, both in *Overdrive* articles and in testimony before dozens of Congressional and governmental committees, he has vigorously championed the free-enterprise system. The sad struggle of the independents, he tells anyone who will listen, derives from their inability to win basic economic rights enjoyed by most of their fellow citizens.

"The independent trucker is asked to give up his birthright and subject himself to political sharecropping that is tantamount to slavery," Parkhurst observes as he guns the Lincoln off into the afternoon. "If the independent wants to haul a load of goods for a company that wants him to haul them, he cannot do so. An act of Congress that gave the Interstate Commerce Commission authority over most of the nation's commerce completely ignored the free-enterprise system and turned independents into virtual serfs. The majority of independents are forced to lease themselves to common carriers who are little more than load-brokerage companies, many of them not even owning trucks.

"Only 150 carriers completely control 92% of all the freight that goes in the trailers belonging to independents. Yet they take up to 50% of the gross revenue, and the trucker himself has no say in setting the rates. The excess rates allowed through this legal cartel—which is virtually a monopoly—have cost the American public approximately \$100 billion since the end of World War II. The public pays the bill, ignorant that the cost of hauling is built into the retail price they pay for goods."

Parkhurst pauses at a stoplight before guiding his car onto the interstate. "The key to the entire problem of the independent is that he's forced to sign a lease with a company that doles out the freight, and therefore the money. He has no other recourse. There is no business in this nation that allows such a condition to exist whereby somebody has to kick back 30 to 50% of his gross revenue in order to sell his services. The regulations governing trucking have not bent with the times; they have only become more oppressive. It's a system that has to be changed. All we're asking for is a deregulation of the business. That would give independents the right to

(continued on page 48)





"We're hoping it will build his interest in a medical career!"

QUEEN TUT

Probing the many corridors and chambers of the Great Pyramid, the professor has stumbled upon an ancient Egyptian secret. The truth about King Tut has been shrouded in mystery since antiquity: She was a queen who ruled as a man. The ancient priests would not condone this and, using their arcane sciences, put her into a sleep that was not broken for 2,000 years.

Now, released at last by an intruder, she hungers for the passion of life she had been denied during her long, deep sleep. The queen uses her irresistible beauty to control. Even now she would command.

















(continued from page 38)

haul on a competitive level, instead of paying kickbacks to giant brokerage companies that control their destinies."

Although Parkhurst is rarely at a loss for words, his nonstop monologue—along with three previous days of convention sermonizing—has left his voice parched and scratchy. Soon after the Lincoln cruises into suburban Two Rivers Park and stops near a pair of striped circus tents occupied by convention delegates, he is slugging down a bottle of iced orange pop from one hand and a cup of beer from the other.

He circulates among the picnic tables like a perspiring politician, genuinely enjoying pressing the flesh, greeting old acquaintances and introducing himself to newer members of his constituency. Clearly, this is not the spray-deodorant crowd.

They come from places like Fisher, Louisiana; Statesboro, Georgia; West Memphis, Arkansas; Standish, Michigan—the outposts of rural America. Tooled-leather belts hold up Big Smith jeans clasped below the navel. Scuffed, pointed boots are trimmed in iguana or alligator. They wear cowboy hats and lavish tattoos. T-shirts loudly proclaim trucker sentiments: TRUCKS ARE BEAUTIFUL... CHEAPER CRUDE OR

NO MORE FOOD... PULLING FOR THE NATION... TRUCKERS '79 SHUTDOWN.

At periodic intervals Parkhurst grasps the Minolta camera strung around his neck and shoots snapshots of delegates wolfing down potato salad, cole slaw and beans, and cutting into outsized layer cakes decorated with icing depicting Peterbilt trucks. Besides composing firebrand editorials about Teamsters corruption and Interstate Commerce Commission incompetence, Parkhurst takes photographs that regularly grace *Overdrive's* covers.

When it comes to a fundamental knowledge of trucks, Parkhurst is no slouch. He first began driving when he was 18, picking up milk for a wholesale company in Columbiana, Ohio. Two years later he bought his own rig and for nearly a decade hauled such diverse items as produce and furniture all over the country.

Those experiences brought him face-to-face with a number of disturbing injustices, notably government regulations, large trucking companies and police harassment of independent drivers. His evolving dream was to form an association of fellow independents who could work together to eliminate persecution. "But first I needed a platform, a forum to get across my ideas," Parkhurst recalls. "That's when I came up

with the concept for *Overdrive*. My father, who once was an editor for *Newsweek*, advised me against it, even after I pointed out that the field was wide open. No national trucking magazine existed. The basic problems, he told me, were that I had never published anything before and that I was seriously underfinanced."

Nevertheless, the relentless Parkhurst forged ahead. First he sent out flyers to truckers at truckstops, soliciting article ideas for the new magazine. A favorable postcard response convinced him to withdraw the few hundred dollars in his savings account and tap the local finance company to produce the premier issue, dated September 1961. He mailed the entire 2,500-unit press run free to truckstop operators, suggesting that they sell each copy for a dime, keep the proceeds and then—if results were positive—reorder.

The dictionary definition of *overdrive*—"to push or carry to excess; to drive too hard"—essentially describes the catalytic energy of the Parkhurst psyche. Through his editorials in *Overdrive* Parkhurst urged truckers to help him in the formation of the ITA. When the initial reaction was less than enthusiastic, Parkhurst himself moved into overdrive and went on strike against his reluctant readers. He then mounted a one-man campaign calculated to reach his intended audience as well as the news media.

To attract attention he bought a 17-hands-tall palomino, christened it Confusion, attached a sign to the animal's flanks reading, 20TH CENTURY HIGHWAYS, 19TH CENTURY LAWS, and set out on the roads most heavily traveled by truckers. Like a latter-day Paul Revere, he journeyed for two months on horseback, averaging 20 to 30 miles a day on a 1,000-mile trek from his Los Angeles headquarters to Palm Springs, Indio, Yuma, Tucson and El Paso.

He camped out in a sleeping bag beside truckstops and highways, engaging truckers in a one-to-one dialogue, explaining his plan to do away with outdated trucking regulations. Those days on the stump reaffirmed his gut instincts about what life was like out on the road, the special feeling that exists between the trucker and his environment.

"A lot of the appeal of being a trucker," Parkhurst explains, "is having a love affair with Mother Nature. No matter how tired you get, you can always stop by the side of the road at night, climb out of the cab, inhale deeply and take a look around. Standing out there, with nothing around you but the wind and the stars, is a very uplifting

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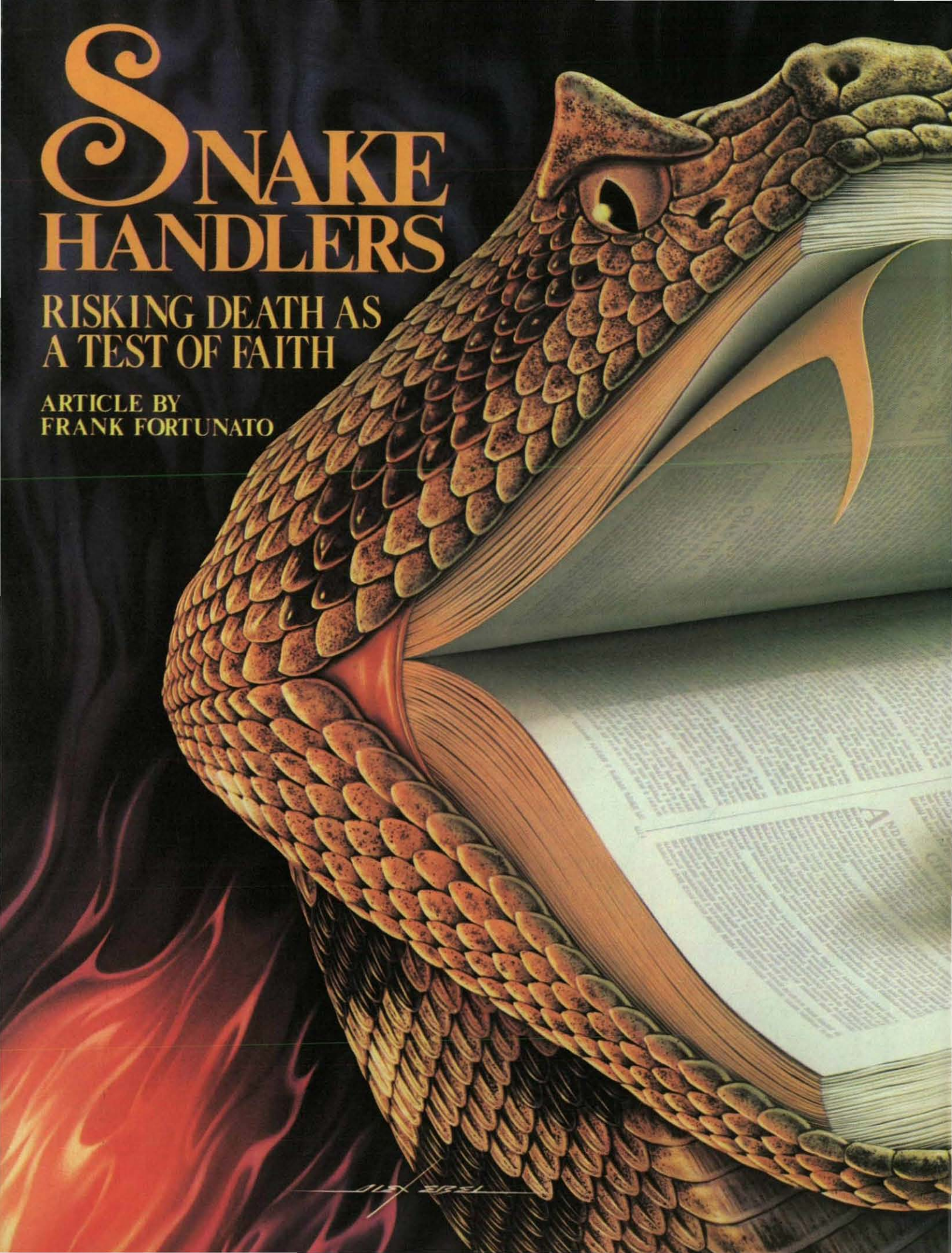
WAINES TINSLEY



SNAKE HANDLERS

RISKING DEATH AS
A TEST OF FAITH

ARTICLE BY
FRANK FORTUNATO





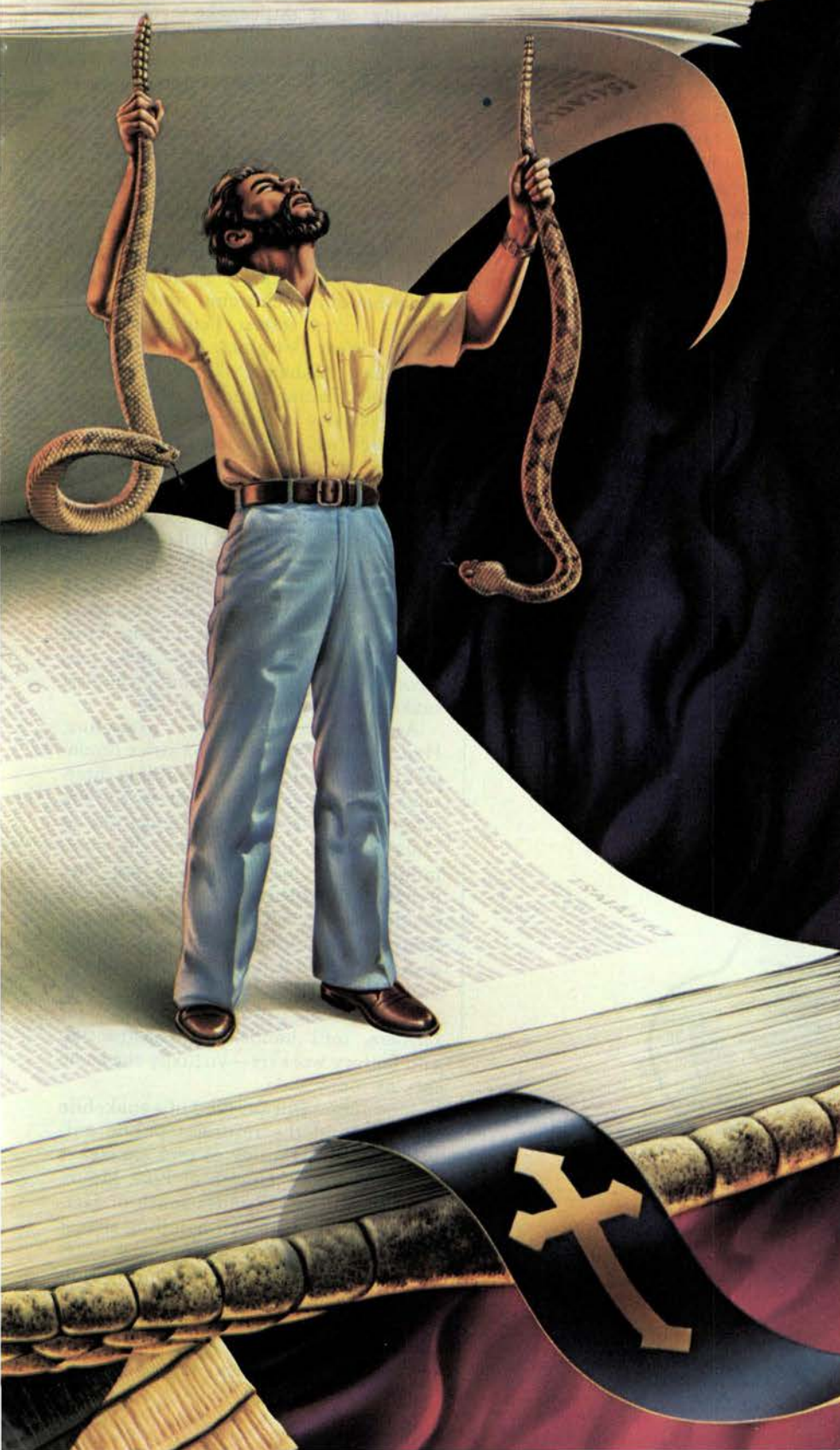
nd these signs shall follow them that believe; In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues.

They shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover. —Mark 16:17-18

These short verses in the King James Version of the Bible have inspired among members of a certain Holiness sect the following activities, performed in the name of Jesus Christ: The Reverend Floyd McCall gulped down strychnine in his South Carolina church; the late Reverend Richard Williams of Columbus, Ohio (who died of natural causes), would preach while resting his foot in a box full of poisonous copperhead snakes; and at a national snake-handling convention, communicants handled an Indian cobra—the bite of which, it is said, can kill an elephant.

Regarded by the world as a bizarre cult of Holy Rollers, these men call themselves "serpent-handlers," and on a regular basis they risk their lives for the glory of God. Their faith is such that they rarely seek medical treatment, preferring instead to take their wounds to "Doctor Jesus." As a result, dozens of Holiness people have died from snakebites and poisoning. Many more deaths, it is rumored, have gone unreported.

Even if they do survive, most snakebite victims undergo an ordeal similar to that described by Brother Murl Bass, a member of the Holiness sect from North Chattanooga, Tennessee, who was bitten by a diamondback rattlesnake: "They had to cut my arm from the top of my shoulder all the way down to the back of my hand. Some of the



skin near the top of my hand rotted away. I turned as black as a nigger around my stomach, up my side and around my head. They had to change my blood completely."

Aside from the un-Christian racial reference and the fact that the snakebite victim underwent medical treatment, Brother Bass's experience was singular in that it occurred during the very last Homecoming (a national convention of snake-handlers). This Homecoming was held in 1973 at a small church outside of Newport, Tennessee (once known as "the snake-handling capital of the world"), and attracted an international assortment of media. However, following the report of the snakebite death of a Harlan, Kentucky, man in 1977, snake-handlers have all but disappeared from public view.

Could it be that these people, who were willing to suffer hideous death in an attempt to prove their faith, have suddenly given up their beliefs? HUSTLER sent me down to the heart of America's snake-handling country to find out.

Although I am not an atheist, I *am* what snake-handlers like to call "an unbeliever-sinner man." In short, my preconceived notion was that snake-handlers are a bunch of country con men, flim-flamming congregations of ignorant hicks, much as carnival side-shows con their audiences. It was with

this attitude that I began researching—at the New York Public Library—the history of "snake-charming."

Apparently there are a few ways to neutralize a poisonous snake, including sewing the snake's mouth shut and tying off the duct that carries the venom to the fangs. But the reports I consulted indicated that these methods are *never* used in Holiness churches.

It seems there are as many explanations for the success of Holiness snake-handlers as there are snake-handlers themselves. Among other things, it has been alleged that they tame their snakes and render them passive with loud music and body warmth. Further, it has been said that a snake must properly coil to strike, and also that repeated bites will leave a man immune. Actually, all of these theories have been proved to be untrue, including the one about immunity.

By all accounts, Holiness people supposedly achieve a *paranormal* state prior to handling snakes, a form of self-hypnosis, testing themselves with fire and drinking poison. Holiness people call this preparation their "anointment" with the power of God, which they say banishes fear from the mind and body. Although communicants describe different experiences during their anointing, the majority claim they hear the voice of God and feel a sensation of

numbness traveling up and down their limbs. If a handler does get bitten, it is assumed that he did not wait long enough for the anointing to take hold of him before he took hold of the snake, or that the anointing suddenly left. And if he dies from the bite, his faith simply wasn't strong enough.

Although my research hadn't convinced me to become one with Jesus by slipping on a rattlesnake necktie, my cynicism was shaken by what I had read—and almost buried by what I had seen. While viewing several documentary films on snake-handlers I found myself moved by the powerful faith of the Holiness people. I left the library thinking that even if they *are* a bunch of fanatical nuts, at least they're *sincere* nuts.

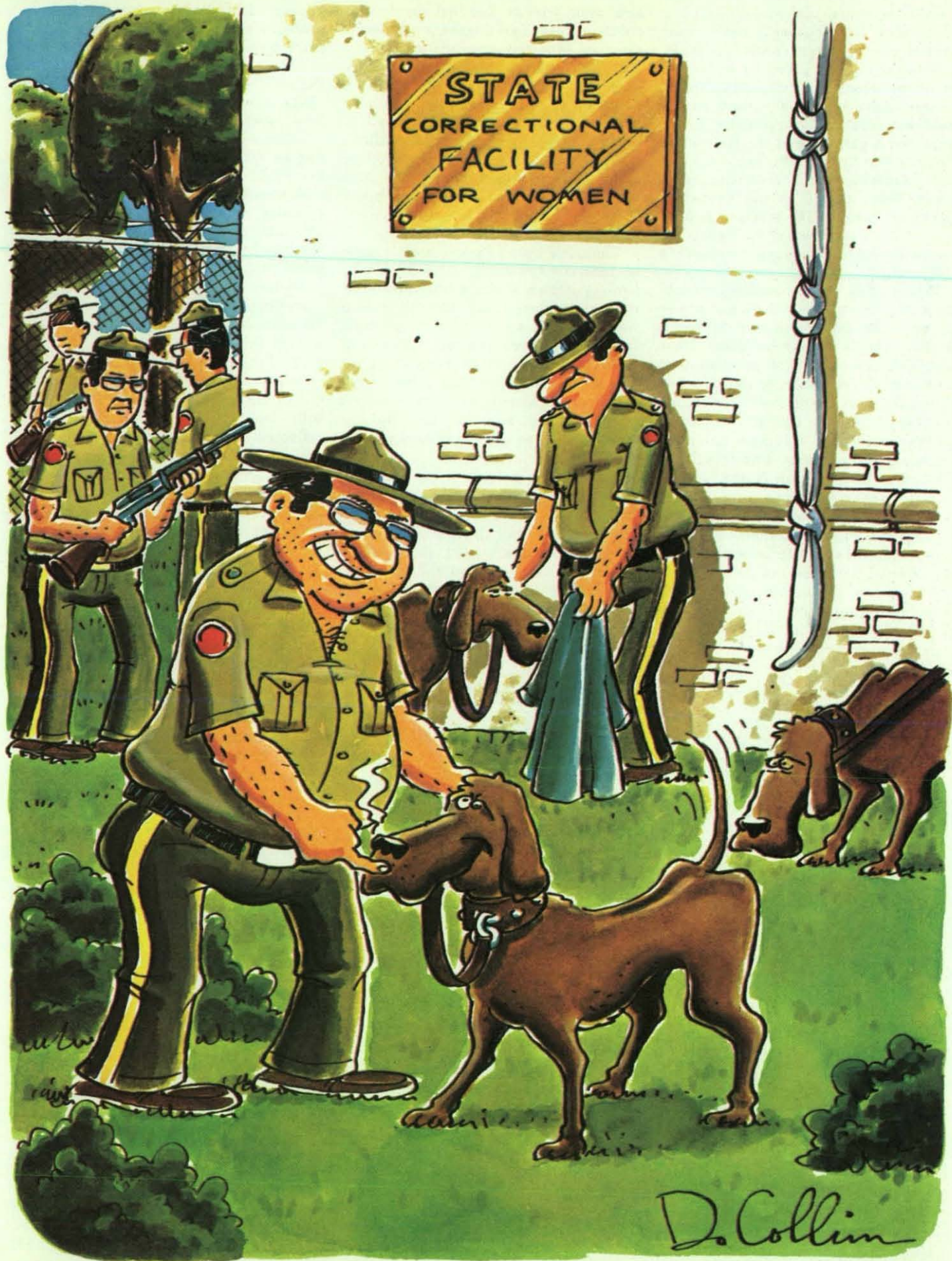
The question now became where to find them. Research indicated that snake-handling churches exist in at least a dozen states: Tennessee, Kentucky, West Virginia, Virginia, the Carolinas, Alabama, Georgia, Florida, Michigan, Indiana and Ohio. But most of the activity in recent years seems to have occurred in Harlan County, Kentucky, and in parts of Tennessee, particularly around Newport. I decided to start my search in Tennessee.

The beautiful green hills of eastern Tennessee are occasionally punctuated with blunt white signs that read, GET RIGHT WITH GOD—like so many ominous warnings. It was in these hills, in a small town called Sale Creek, that George Went Hensley founded the first snake-handling church, in 1909.

An illiterate country preacher, Hensley was nevertheless a strict fundamentalist, interpreting the Bible literally. Newspaper accounts from the era referred to Hensley's congregation as Holy Rollers, meaning that the communicants would frequently fall into frenzied convulsions during the course of the service. They were forbidden things like drinking, smoking, immodest dress and the cutting of women's hair—as they are today. The congregation then was made up of coal miners, poor farmers, mill hands and construction and factory workers—virtually the same mix as today's.

One communicant died of a snakebite in 1919, and the resultant public outburst caused Hensley to pick up stakes and start a new church at Pine Mountain, Kentucky, 17 miles south of Harlan. Hensley continued handling snakes in Kentucky and other Southern states until 1955, when he was bitten by a rattler in a prayer meeting near Atha, Florida. Refusing medical attention, he died vomiting blood. The crowd of 300 devotees at his funeral vowed to con-





tinue handling snakes at their services.

Over the years, snake-handling cults throughout the Southeast have occasionally caused public controversies. In 1947 Oscar Hutton, called by some "the father of Kentucky snake-handling," claimed there were a thousand snake-handlers in Harlan County alone. In the same year a gathering at the Kentucky-Virginia line drew 4,000 spectators and 250 snake-handlers, resulting in a statute being passed by the Tennessee legislature banning the practice. A similar statute was enacted in Kentucky, and snake-handlers began assuming a low profile.

Modern-day snake-handling preachers tend to travel—with snakes in tow—all over the Southeast and Midwest. Most recently snake-handlers have occupied the headlines of the small town of Newport, Tennessee. It started when Alfred Ball and Liston Pack (the former perhaps America's best-known snake-handler) converted a remote mountain hunting lodge into The Holiness Church of God in Jesus Name.

Soon snake-handlers and poison-drinkers from all over the nation were testing the power of their anointing there—some not all that successfully. (On April 7, 1973, Buford Pack—brother of co-pastor Liston Pack—and Jimmy Ray Williams died from drinking strychnine at the church.) Still, several

months later Alfred Ball, Liston Pack and their friends handled an Indian cobra in front of an international assortment of reporters and photographers. Ball defended the earlier deaths by estimating that ten gallons of strychnine had been gulped down without incident by devotees since the church opened. A judge, finding this a bit hard to swallow, slapped the church with an injunction, and the two pastors soon vanished from the public spotlight. I drove to Newport in hopes of discovering what happened to Ball and Pack.

The name Liston Pack brought a smile to most (but not all) faces in Cocke County. Down at the newspaper office they remembered the day ol' Liston walked in with a cottonmouth, wrapped it around his neck and said, "The Lord protects me from this serpent!" They kicked him out. On the other hand, mention of Alfred Ball drew serious responses, but amid all this no one seemed to know the whereabouts of the two men.

I decided to visit the site of the Holiness Church of God in Jesus Name. I drove up a gravel road, past house-trailers and ramshackle dwellings, whose occupants waved as I passed. Finally, in a hollow near the top of the mountain, the church appeared, looking exactly as it did in the snake-handling books. A small house lay about 100 feet

away. I knocked on the door, and a woman with a bony, mountain face appeared. I asked her if she knew who the current pastor of the church might be.

"That would be my husband, Car Parton."

"Do you still practice the five signs here—specifically, snake-handling?"

"Yes, we do," she said without batting an eyelash, and I almost jumped for joy. I had hit on some living, breathing snake-handlers. But it was Wednesday, and Mrs. Parton said she didn't know of any snake-handling church that met on Wednesday night. Spirits sinking, I asked about Alfred Ball.

"Alfred has a church off Cosby Highway. Liston Pack can tell you where it is. He lives down the foot of the mountain where the sign reads, DOORS FOR SALE."

In one fell swoop I located both men.

Liston Pack turned out to be a powerfully built man with much mileage reflected in his heavily creased face. Among the tattoos on his arms were a snake and crucifix. He gave up pastoring after the injunction against his church. His current snake-handling activities are limited to other men's churches. "I get calls all the time, an' I go out and handle their serpents—sight unseen!" He spoke proudly of having been twice bitten by rattlesnakes and "suffering not at all, praise the Lord."

There is a certain snake-handler's macho, and Liston displayed it when I asked, "What happens if you get to a church and find you don't achieve the preliminary anointing necessary to handle the serpents?"

"I *always* get the anointin'."

At the first opportunity I asked where I might see some snake-handling that evening. "I don't rightly know where they're handlin' on Wednesdays," Liston explained. He told me the location of Alfred Ball's church. "You won't see any snake-handlin' there," he added. "They've gone modern."

My conversation with Pack had dispelled the notion that Holiness people handle snakes on certain days. My research had led me to expect that Wednesday was a favored day, but that was not the case in eastern Tennessee. So I was still at Square One, and the likelihood of my witnessing some snake-handling was at best hit-or-miss.

Alfred Ball, in many ways, is the opposite of his former co-pastor, Liston Pack. With his slender frame and intense, bony face he looked exactly as he did in the newspaper photos—except that he wasn't holding out a handful of rattlesnakes. He invited me into his home in the cellar of the Jesus Christ

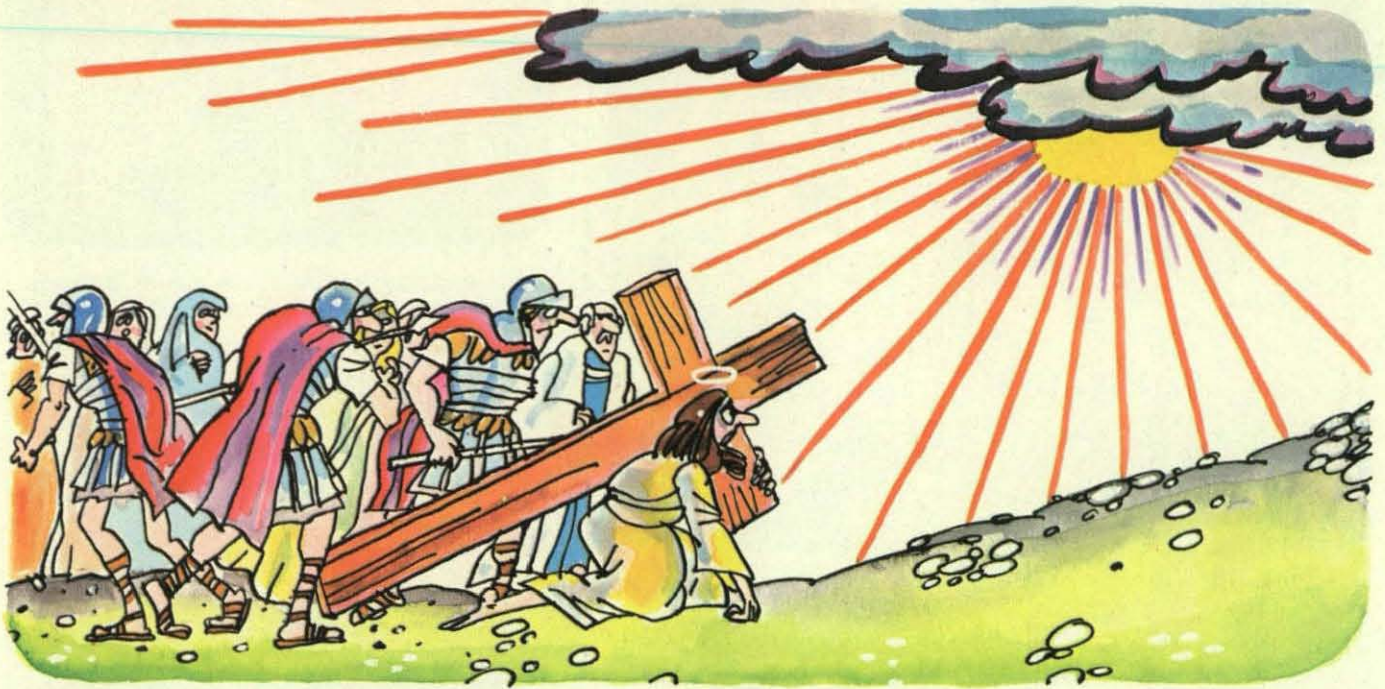
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Believe It Or Not

A TONGUE-IN-CHEEK
LOOK AT RELIGION

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID BROWN

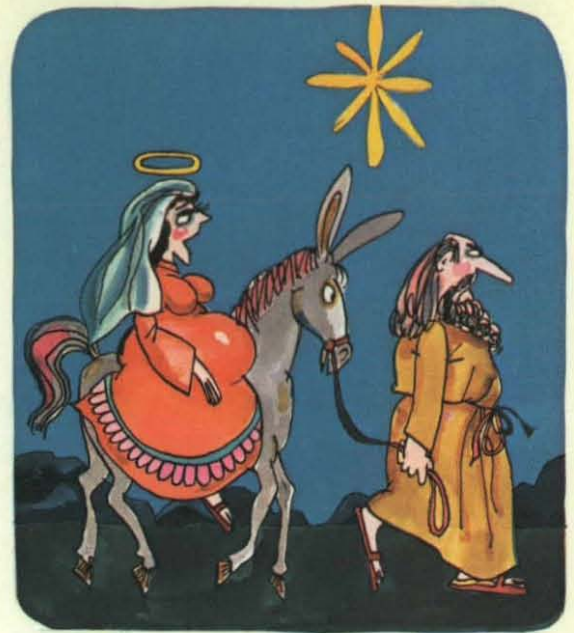


"This is going to hurt Me a lot more than it will You, Son."



"Hey, wouldn't it be funny if some day some nut actually believed all this crap?"

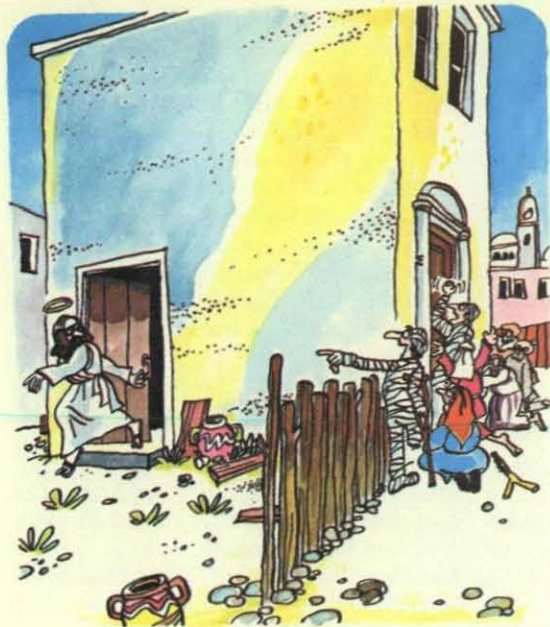




"... and then he offered me a drink, and one thing led to another, and before I knew it. . ."



"Son, I hope you're wearing clean underwear!"



"It's Him!"



"Ever since the Crucifixion we've been plagued with Jesus-impersonators."



SNAKE-HANDLERS

(continued from page 54)

Apostolic Church. Children scurried in and out while we discussed the Holiness way of life. The children were his and those of the late Jimmy Ray Williams.

When I cited various theories on why handlers survive snakebites, such as the "dry bite," whereby the snake doesn't release venom into the victim, he responded: "I suppose that's possible, but," and worked his opinion back to the power of God. He told me of a time when he kept 13 copperheads and five rattlesnakes in his house, all of which he had handled "many times with perfect victory."

Then he described a bite by a copperhead: "The copperhead bit me on the knee, and I straightened up and almost blacked out immediately. This is unusual, since not even rattlesnake venom takes effect that quickly. I was scared; I said, 'Lord, are you going to let this serpent kill me?' The pain felt like someone was holding a blowtorch on my knee. I bit into a blanket on my bed to keep from crying out. After 18 hours the pain suddenly stopped. But my leg remained swollen, and I had to walk on crutches for several weeks." He had also been bitten by a rattlesnake that he had let loose in the pulpit while preaching.

His few bites constituted a remark-

able record, considering that he had handled poisonous snakes hundreds of times. When I commented on this, he simply said: "It is a power given to me by the Lord."

Unlike Liston Pack, Ball very rarely handles snakes anymore. "No," he admitted, "there won't be any snake-handling here tonight, but I'd like you to come by anyway." He said that as if he thought he had a shot at saving my soul. But I, on the other hand, was in search of snake-handlers. So I set out for Harlan County, Kentucky.

The road to Harlan is dotted with roadside Holiness churches, and there are many more in the surrounding Appalachian Mountains. At Pineville, a major location in the history of snake-handling, a huge signboard looms over the highway: PINEVILLE SHALL RISE AGAIN. It was in Pineville in 1917 that the first Harlan County coal-related killing took place, when a sheriff's posse shot a union organizer in the back of the head.

Few places beat saloons for information. However, this method of research is difficult to pursue in Harlan, since the county happens to be dry. I decided to play my ace in the hole. Junior Deaton, who I had heard "knows just about everyone and everything that happens in the county," runs a grocery store in a town called Ages—a place so small that

I couldn't even find it on the map.

Junior Deaton, a short, stocky man, was talking to a group of customer-friends when I walked in and introduced myself. His eyes widened when I told him who I was working for.

"HUSTLER?!" he exclaimed, turning to open the drawer of his desk. Brushing aside a Magnum revolver, he produced a copy of the February 1979 issue, which featured Bob Allen's report on the miners of Harlan County. "They've got me quoted in here!" he said—and so he was, discussing the time company scabs fired five shots at him and his family.

"Snake-handlers are like whiskey-drinkers; they don't ever give it up," Deaton said, adding that Erin Long, who had died of a snakebite six months earlier, had been a member of the "snake-handling Long family." They customarily traveled the area, but were centered in Rose Hill, Virginia.

While we spoke, about a dozen men came into the store, listened for a while and then contributed to the conversation. The consensus of opinion was as follows: "Rose Hill's a long ways off. What ya oughta do is check out Pete Hickson and the Free Pentecostal Church over that bridge, across the street and down into the hollow."

Pete Hickson and his family were just finishing dinner when I knocked on their door. "Have some dinner?" were the first words out of his mouth after I explained my visit. I declined his offer, and he and his wife sat and spoke to me about their faith. Hickson, a man of small frame, had the same bony, intense face of the Reverend Alfred Ball. The obvious sincerity of his faith also reminded me of Ball.

Pausing from time to time to quote from the largest Bible I had ever seen, Hickson told me how he had become a snake-handling Holiness man. He, like so many other Holiness people, claimed to have started life as a "sinner." A near-fatal bout with ulcers and a series of financial setbacks turned him toward Christ. "Erin Long was one of my closest friends. I was up with him the night he died," Hickson explained.

I forced out the question: "Why do you think Erin Long was bitten and killed?"

Hickson sighed deeply before he answered: "I don't know why he was killed... I guess he waited too long after his anointing." Before I left, Hickson invited me to a service that evening at his church.

A neatly whitewashed building with no outside identification, the Free Pentecostal is the best-known snake-handling church in Harlan County. The

(continued on page 123)





"All I need to finish the wall is one more assassination!"



Photography by Clive McLean



PAULA

*Passionate
Pink*

"I love sex," says Paula, who has designed her life to meet her needs. "There are a lot of ways to get by without working," she tells us. Aside from modeling, Paula makes ends meet as a professional game-show contestant and as an escort to wealthy men. In Hollywood, where she lives, there are many opportunities for a beautiful, sexual woman. Paula takes them all.





HUSTLER'S HONEY · APRIL 1980







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A young lady was undergoing a routine physical examination for a food-handler's permit, and the doctor asked her to take a specimen of her urine first thing the next morning. So, bright and early the following day, she filled a bottle and gave it to her little brother to deliver to the doctor.

On the way to the clinic, walking down a country road, the kid got to tossing the bottle in the air and catching it, and after a while the cork came loose and the sample spilled out onto the ground. The boy was standing there, trying to decide what to do about the situation, when he noticed an old sow getting ready to take a leak. So he rushed to her side, held the bottle under her, filled it up and took it over to the doctor's office.

A few hours later the startled physician called the young woman and said, "Miss, I don't know how you're going to take news like this, but you're about to become the mother of a litter of pigs."

In shocked surprise the girl moaned, "Gee, you can't even trust a link of sausage anymore!"

Years of struggle and patience finally paid off for the immigrant Mexican couple when they were sworn in as citizens of the United States. As they were leaving the courthouse, the man exclaimed, "Think of it! We're now American citizens! Do you know what that means, Conchita?"

"Yes, Manuelo, I do!" the wife replied exultantly. "Tonight *you* do the dishes and *I* get on top!"

The **HUSTLER** Dictionary defines *butt plug* as: a chastity belt for gays.

The proctologist leaned back from the examination table, looked down at his patient and shook his head in concern.

"I sure don't like the look of those hemorrhoids, Mr. Tribbs," the doctor warned.

"What the hell are you anyway, Doc," the patient answered heatedly, "a proctologist or an art critic?!"

Question: What do you get when you cross a prostitute with a computer?

Answer: A fucking know-it-all!

During supper the wife said to her husband, "I've got an idea, sweetheart. Let's go out tonight and have some real fun!"

"Suits me, honey," he replied. "Do me a favor though. If you get home first, leave the light on in the hallway."

Then there's the one about the guy with the wooden leg. He fell in love with a girl so sweet, perfect and pure that even after he'd asked her to marry him, he couldn't tell her about his amputation.

On their wedding night he turned out all the lights before undressing. "There's something you don't know about me," he mumbled ashamedly as he climbed into bed. Then he took his bride's hands and placed them on the remnant of his severed appendage.

"Oh, my," she said as she felt all around the stump. "Well, put a little grease on it, dear, and we'll give it a try!"

"How do you plead to the charge of spreading dirty, filthy pictures around our fair city?!" demanded the irate judge at the obscenity trial.

"Your Honor," the flustered publisher answered, "since when is a simple photograph of a woman and her pet Doberman in a loving embrace obscene?"

The judge turned red. "It's obscene when the dog is better-hung than the prosecuting attorney," he said, "and when the woman happens to be my wife!"

Sex is like a game of bridge: You need either a good partner or a good hand.

A clerk approached his boss nervously one morning. "I must tell you, sir," he blurted out, "that for the past three years I've been doing four men's work for one man's pay. I think I deserve a raise!"

Looking up from his desk, the boss growled, "I can't give you a raise at this time. But if you give me the names of the other

lazy sons of bitches, I'll fire 'em on the spot!"


The **HUSTLER** Dictionary defines *cocoon* as: a small colored kid who stutters.

One Polack said to the other one, "We're going to send one of our countrymen to the sun."

"That's crazy," his friend replied. "He'll melt!"

"No, he won't," the first Polack answered. "We're sending him at night!"



HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, how about sending it our way? Submit your joke on a file card, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: **HUSTLER** Humor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. If your joke is selected, we will send you \$50. Sorry, but we can't return submissions. 

CHESTER & HESTER



"Oh, Chester, you're such a romantic!"



NUCLEAR DISASTERS: HOW THEY LIED TO YOU

"The safety record of the nuclear-power industry is unparalleled, and a maximum effort is being made to see that this record stands."

—Glenn T. Seaborg, Chairman,
Atomic Energy Commission,
1961-1971

That's what the nuclear industry would have you believe.

Tell it to Ed Gleason.

Unfortunately, you can't. Ed Gleason is dead. The New Jersey dockworker suffered a "radiation-related accident" on January 8, 1963, when he picked up a container that had been trucked down a New York interstate highway a few days earlier. The container—part of a shipment from the Nuclear Materials and Equipment Center (NUMEC) in Apollo, Pennsylvania—was leaking, and Ed got a little radioactive plutonium solution on his hand.

Three years later a cancer suddenly appeared. It destroyed his finger, then his hand, next his arm. After several amputations there was nothing left to amputate—the cancer had spread throughout his body. In February 1973, after futile cobalt treatments (a form of radiation therapy commonly used on cancer patients), Ed Gleason died. His widow was eventually awarded \$350,000 in a court-ordered settlement against NUMEC.

Tell it to Joe Harding, who was employed at a uranium-processing plant in Paducah, Kentucky, from 1952 to 1971. Union Carbide, which owns the plant, assured its workers that they would never be exposed to more radiation than that they would receive from wearing a luminous watch dial. But now Joe Harding is plagued by a grotesque mutation—his fingernails are growing out of the wrong side of his hands.

"I spent all those years breathing uranium hexafluoride gas that was so thick and heavy in the air you could see the haze when you looked at a ceiling light," Harding has testified. "You could taste it coated on your teeth and in your throat and lungs." The uranium dust on the floor was so thick that the workers left their bootprints in it as they walked. Radioactive releases and spills occurred "almost daily," Harding recalls. The spills sent up clouds of dust so dense that employees were forced to stumble outside until the air cleared.

The method used to monitor worker exposure to radiation in Harding's plant involved the inspection of radiation-detecting film badges worn by workers. Each badge contained a strip of unexposed black-and-white film that would turn gray when exposed to radiation. It was the function of the safety people to check these badges daily, in addition to running tests on workers' urine samples to detect the presence of radioactivity.

On one occasion Harding and his co-workers decided to put the safety people to a test. "Three or more of us laid our film badges on top of a smoking chunk of uranium for eight hours," Harding confesses, recalling that they then turned the badges in to the safety people as usual. "But we never heard from them." Next, they dropped pieces of smoking uranium into their urine samples and sent them off to be checked by the safety people. Same result: "We never heard from them!"

In 1953 a long nightmare began. Harding developed open sores on his legs that would not heal. The sores crept up to his chest, arms, hands and face. Doctors told him it was radiation damage and advised him it couldn't be treated. In 1954 he began having stomach disorders, and his weight dropped from 175

to 125 pounds. Doctors removed 95% of his stomach, and his weight slipped to 112 pounds. Harding claims he has contracted pneumonia 11 times since 1968. His doctor says his lungs are pitted with unusual tiny craters.

It was in 1970 that Harding started growing fingernails through the fingerprint side of his fingers and thumbs. Nails soon began growing out of his knuckles, joints, wrists, elbows, shoulders, ankles, knees and even the arches of his feet. Doctors have identified this unusual condition as a mutation probably caused by exposure to radiation.

In 1971 Union Carbide officially terminated Harding, granting him a total-disability pension. Four months later, however, the corporation's New York headquarters ruled that Harding's illness was not caused by radiation, and his pension and all his other disability benefits were revoked. For the past eight years, his health continuing to deteriorate, Harding has been pursuing legal channels in an effort to bring suit against Union Carbide and reclaim his disability pension and benefits.

Nineteen of Harding's fellow workers have since died from cancer. Others have developed tumors, lung diseases and other radiation-related illnesses.

* * *

Despite the nuclear establishment's claim that atomic power has never harmed anyone, the truth is that hundreds of American workers have died as a result of nuclear-power mishaps. Thousands have suffered lasting injuries. And, if many concerned health researchers are correct, we may be on the brink of a major epidemic of radiation-induced illnesses, featuring millions of cases of cancer, leukemia and genetic damage to chromosomes, resulting in mutations and death to our descendants.

REPORT BY GAR SMITH

Illustration by Stewart Daniels

AND THE LIST GOES ON... AND ON

The following case histories are a sampling of documented accidents that have occurred within the walls of the nation's nuclear industry:

□ It was August 8, 1945, when Harry Dahlian—a 30-year-old research scientist at the supersecret Los Alamos, New Mexico, atomic site—was stacking blocks of radiation-shielding material around a mass of highly radioactive metal. One of the heavy blocks slipped, and it fell across the pile. Suddenly a fearsome "blue glow" appeared around the mass, flooding the lab with an eerie light. Dahlian removed the fallen block by hand. He died from massive radiation exposure 28 days later.

□ On May 21, 1946, according to official Atomic Energy Commission reports, a senior scientist was demonstrating the technique of "critical assembly" (a process that begins the atomic chain reaction) to several Los Alamos visitors when some highly radioactive metal came into direct contact with the shielding material being placed around it. Again the "blue glow" was observed, and a heat wave was felt. The scientist died within nine days. One of the visitors "received sufficient radiation dosage to cause serious injuries and some permanent partial disability," the AEC reported.

□ On December 30, 1958, a young technician at Los Alamos was working with a plutonium solution when the solution suddenly became "critical" and exploded. The AEC report reads: "The operator fell from the low stepladder on which he was standing and stumbled out of the door into the snow. . . . The accident victim mumbled he felt as though he was burning up." The man's skin color had turned red. Within minutes he was convulsed with nausea and diarrhea. By the time he reached a hospital, he was in shock. Thirty-six hours after the mishap he was dead, a victim of radiation poisoning the AEC calculated to be 12,000 rems—20 times the lethal limit. Two other workers were also badly contaminated in the incident.

□ On January 3, 1961, the SL-1 reactor at the Idaho Falls Laboratory exploded. Three young technicians were killed. They were working atop the reactor, assembling the mechanism that controls the intensity of the atomic reaction. One of the workers mistakenly tampered with the mechanism. Suddenly tons of water turned into superheated steam as the solid fuel inside the water-filled reactor vessel began to overheat. Ruptured by the exploding steam, the 2,000-ton reactor vessel was blasted off its moorings. It crashed through the roof, carrying the shattered remains of two men

with it as 1,000-degree steam ripped apart great hunks of solid radioactive fuel.

The blast area was so contaminated that it was six days before the last body could be removed. It was pinned to the ceiling by a rod driven through the groin and exiting at the shoulder. The arms and heads of the two victims killed instantly were removed for separate burial. The third victim, who survived for two hours, died upon reaching the hospital. All were buried in lead-lined coffins.

The explosion caused \$4,350,000 in repair and decontamination costs to the plant and the surrounding countryside. The AEC acknowledged that "gaseous fission products . . . escaped to the atmosphere outside the building and were carried downwind in a narrow plume." Hundreds of workers were called in to clean up after the disaster; 27 of them were overexposed in the cleanup process. The AEC never did do a follow-up to see what became of these workers.

□ In July 1972 two technicians were killed in a "steam-release incident" at the Surry-1 nuclear-power plant in Gravel Neck, Virginia. The two men were attempting to unclog part of the cooling system when the system suddenly burst open; they were fatally burned by the escaping superheated steam.

□ They call Harold McCluskey "the Atomic Man." McCluskey got slapped in the face with a blast of nitric acid and radioactive Americium-241 when a minor explosion occurred at the Atlantic Richfield plant at the Hanford nuclear reservation in August 1976. He was temporarily blinded, and suffered scars and burns. For five months he was hospitalized and subjected to two 30-minute scrubdowns every day. "Each time I exhaled," McCluskey said, "Americium would come out."

McCluskey, his face still disfigured, finally walked out on his own two feet. The nuclear establishment was delighted. But his eyes are bad, he is taking prescribed drugs, and he has recently been hospitalized a number of times for radiation-related illnesses.

□ According to the Nuclear Regulatory Commission, recurring explosions are typical in General Electric-designed reactors. On December 13, 1977, 30-year-old Robert Griswold was "highly contaminated" when an explosion occurred at the GE-designed Millstone 1 power plant near Waterford, Connecticut. Only two hours earlier two hydrogen-gas explosions shook the plant, releasing radioactive gas. After the blast that contaminated Griswold, 35 other employees were contaminated when they walked near the blast site, and all had to undergo a two-hour decontamination process.

In 1978 Boston blood specialist Dr. Thomas Najarian published his finding that nuclear workers at the Portsmouth (New Hampshire) Naval Shipyard were dying of cancer at twice the national rate and suffering leukemia deaths at four to six times the national rate. Earlier, Dr. Thomas Mancuso, a University of Pittsburgh health researcher, had reported that a 14-year study of more than 30,000 workers at the nuclear facility in Hanford, Washington, disclosed that the rate of cancer deaths among these workers was 6% to 7% higher than the normal rate of cancer deaths within the general population.

Then the news broke about the unusually high rate of cancer deaths among the several thousand servicemen who had witnessed America's first atom-bomb blasts during the 1950s. In addition, there was the legacy of cancer and leukemia deaths that plagued the populations of Utah, Arizona and Nevada downwind from the Nevada Test Range—a rate of deaths far exceeding the national norm.

These stories all had something startlingly in common, something the nuclear establishment dreaded more than a power-plant meltdown: The victims had all been exposed to "low levels" of radiation, doses said to be "safe," according to the government's own nuclear experts.

Dr. Najarian's finding made front-page news across the nation, and the government responded with the predictable "investigation." Dr. Irwin Bross, director of the biostatistics department at Roswell Park Memorial Hospital in Buffalo, New York, was one of those picked to conduct the inquiry. Bross was soon protesting that the government had "stacked" the panel with people selected to retard the progress of the probe.

"The investigation has been stalled at every turn," Dr. Bross angrily charged. "The Center for Disease Control and the National Institute for Occupational Safety and Health [NIOSH] have been lying . . . to Congress, to shipyard union leaders, to everyone. They just don't want the information out."

To everyone's surprise, NIOSH's new director, Dr. Anthony Robbins, listened to Bross's charges of a cover-up and . . . agreed! Dr. Robbins volunteered, "There has always been a powerful bloc within and around the government that apparently has done a great deal to tone down any discussion of health threats from radiation exposure."

Part of the powerful bloc referred to by Dr. Robbins was the Atomic Energy Commission itself. In the early 1970s a

(continued on page 80)

NUCLEAR VICTIMS: NEVER-BEFORE- PUBLISHED PHOTOS

Pictured here are but a few victims of the Nuclear Age.

✓ The bulbous, blistered hands and raw belly (below, below right) belonged to Harry Dahlian, a scientist at the supersecret atomic site at Los Alamos, New Mexico. On August 8, 1945, he was exposed to a massive dose of radiation. He died 28 days later.



△ In 1963 dockworker Ed Gleason (above) was exposed to radioactive plutonium. Three years later cancer destroyed his finger, next his hand, then his arm. He died ten years after his contamination.



DAHLIAN'S HANDS 3½ DAYS AFTER EXPOSURE



RIGHT HAND 9 DAYS AFTER EXPOSURE



RIGHT HAND DAY BEFORE DEATH



△ The man above is Major Harold Ralph (left, age 21; right, age 54, though he looks 90), one of the first Americans to enter Nagasaki after the Japanese city was leveled by an A-bomb in 1945. He died of lung cancer in 1978.



DAHLIAN'S ABDOMEN DAY BEFORE DEATH



SKIPPER

Who's the girl you'd most like to be marooned with on a desert island? How about Skipper? She's the kind of girl who likes to be alone with her mate so she can give him her all, without distraction. She enjoys making love under the open blue sky, listening to the pounding of the surf. Cast ashore with Skipper, who'd think about being rescued?





Photography by Suze Randall









NUCLEAR DISASTERS

(continued from page 72)

Congressional committee censured the AEC for creating "a serious credibility gap . . . by suppressing unwelcome evidence of danger and by demoting or firing researchers who have pushed their findings too seriously. . . ."

The cover-up ultimately affects us all, with the most immediately threatened being the atomic-industry workers themselves. From 1947 through 1974 nearly 2 million Atomic Energy Commission employees and contractors (workers hired for a limited time on individual projects) were exposed to whole-body radiation (as opposed to partial contamination of limbs, face, etc.). Some of the exposed people were members of the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers International Union. Leo Goodman, recently retired from that union and from the AFL-CIO's Atomic Technical Committee, has documented 92 cases of radiation-related deaths in the nuclear industry.

But don't take the union's word for it. In 1970 the U.S. Public Health Service conducted a census and reported that there had been 142 worker deaths from radiation exposure since the beginning of the U.S. atomic-energy program.

A 1967 AEC study, "A Review of

Criticality Accidents," officially lists 38 cases of severe radiation injury and eight deaths between 1943 and 1967. The survival rate among the 38 badly exposed employees is unknown. There has been no long-term monitoring of their health—even though, at the time of their contamination, some reportedly suffered skin rashes, vomiting, internal bleeding, hair loss and radiation burns to abdomens, faces and hands. Three nuclear-power workers had to have fingers amputated. One finger, when removed, was glowing from a deadly dose of 80,000 rems!

(Rem stands for "Roentgen Equivalent Man." It represents the amount of damage done to the human body by exposure to one roentgen-unit of X-rays, and the unit has been standardized to measure the amount of damage done by nuclear radiation as well. Nuclear radiation amounting to 3,000 rems will destroy the entire central nervous system. The brain literally swells in the skull, causing delirium, stupor, psychotic behavior and sudden death. A dose of 600 rems causes "acute radiation sickness." The victim's hair falls out, his skin sheds off in big sores, and he suffers vomiting seizures and diarrhea. Within a month he is dead from infection and/or massive internal bleeding.

(A dose of 300 rems will cause death to one-quarter of those exposed and

serious injury to 90% of the survivors. There is danger of leukemia five years after exposure, cancer 12 to 20 years after exposure, and in all cases there is the danger of genetic damage to future generations. Exposure to 200 rems of radiation results in death to 2% of those exposed and in serious illness in half the remaining cases.

(When people are exposed to doses of less than 100 rems, there is danger of radiation burns, nausea, tissue damage, possible cancer or leukemia in later years, and also the possibility of genetic damage resulting in the mutation of future generations. Even at low levels of exposure the picture is a gloomy one.)

The AEC's "Review of Criticality Accidents" only covered part of the nuclear-casualty picture. It did not cover worker deaths occurring outside the AEC's own walls, in private industry. On July 24, 1964, for example, Robert Peabody, a technician employed at the privately owned United Nuclear Corporation's processing plant in Charleston, Rhode Island, was involved in a nuclear explosion. Peabody had been instructed to mix a radioactive uranium-lead solution inside a five-foot-long tube braced against his shoulder and to pour the mixture into a small pot. Peabody was not informed, however, that the smaller container would concentrate the solution and cause it to explode. The resulting blast left Peabody splattered with radioactive "soup," and within two days he was dead. Two other employees were hospitalized with severe radiation contamination. The company attributed the casualties to "operator error."

By the time of its 1967 report the AEC had racked up \$31 million in property losses from accidents, 26% of which were directly due to reactor mishaps. Damages between the years 1955 and 1975 ran over \$81 million. The costs for cleaning up the contamination from scores of leaks, spills and plutonium fires exceeded \$14 million.

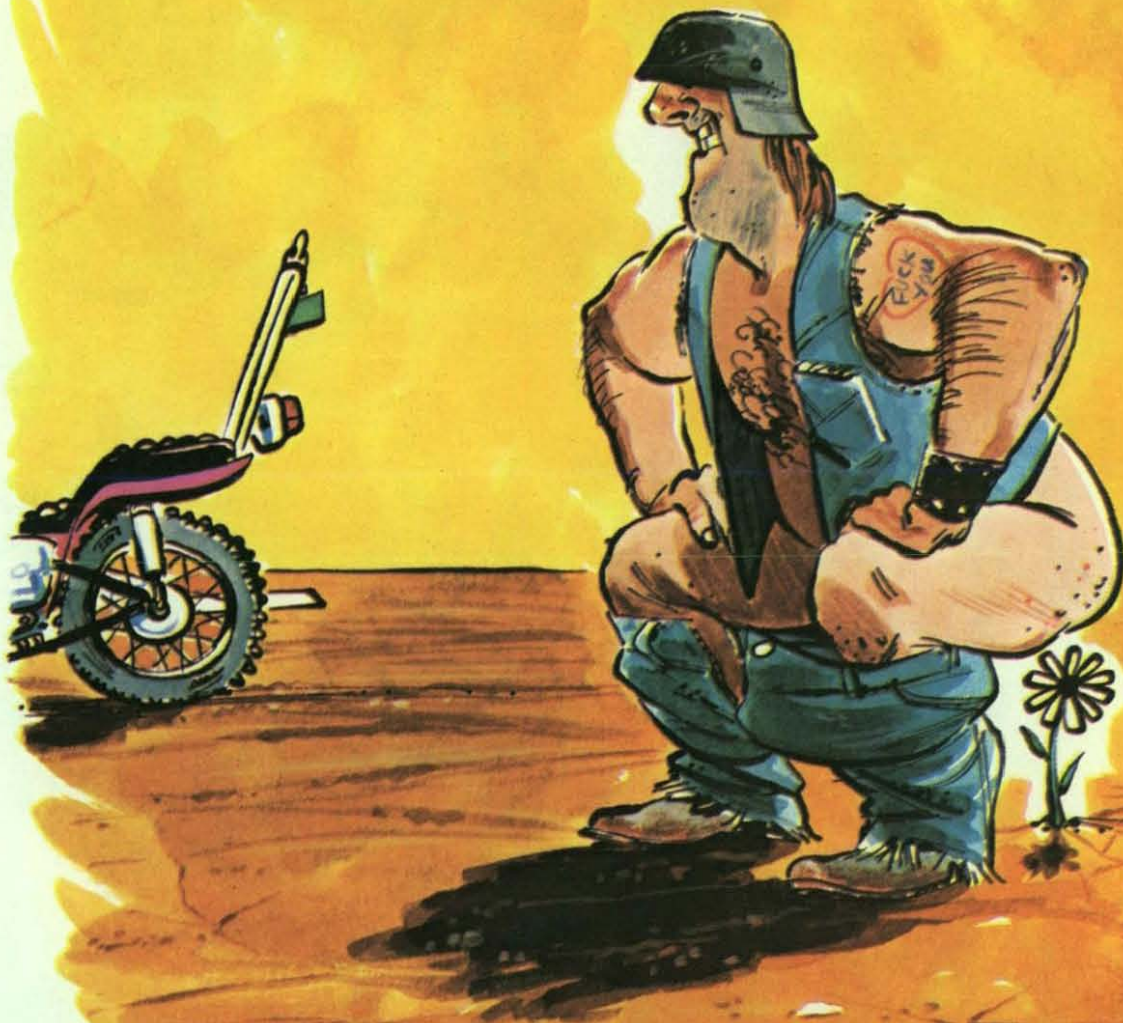
Leaks, spills and fires are one thing, but what about the health of the 2 million workers the AEC had exposed to radiation? Since the nuclear industry has never considered its employees part of the "public," atomic workers are permitted to soak up 5 rems as the permissible "safe" dose, while the "safe" dose for the individual member of the public has been set at .025 rems—200 times lower.

Are these "safe" doses really safe? It is known that the earth's natural background radiation (from the sun, cosmic rays and from the radioactivity naturally contained in the earth's rocks and soils) amounts to .100 rems per person per year, a figure the nuclear industry cites

(continued on page 102)



LiM







THE TRUTH ABOUT VIDEO-DATING FICTION BY BRUCE DAVID

Delladay had met her through Captain Video's Dating Service. He had walked into the place as a final act of desperation after a divorce followed by a series of meaningless and short-lived relationships. The last straw was a porn actress known for her singing cunt. It had been one of the worst nights of his life—drunk and trapped in bed with a girl who somehow managed to throw her voice as she controlled the movements of her vaginal muscles.

The next morning, waking up with a headache and a sense of profound self-loathing, Delladay vowed to give up sex and become a Trappist monk. But as he was looking through the Yellow Pages—vaguely hoping to find something under

"Monk, Trappist"—he accidentally came across the ad for Captain Video's Dating Service.

"Hundreds of types to choose from," read the copy. "Eliminate randomness, save time—fast, efficient. Money returned if not satisfied."

It turned out there really was a Captain Video—a man in his mid-40s distinguished by glasses so thick they looked like goggles.

"Tell me something about yourself," Captain Video had prodded Delladay. He was peering through an inexpensive black-and-white video camera. The room was dark.

Illustration by Holly Hollington

Only Delladay, sitting in front of the camera, was illuminated by the floodlights. They were making a tape for the dating service's library.

"I'm a pornographer," Delladay drawled into the microphone, knowing he was getting off to a rocky start. "So in my line of work it's kind of difficult to meet the right kind of girl at the office."

"Do you really want to project that kind of image?" Captain Video asked, pausing to stop the camera.

"I guess not," Delladay agreed. "Can we start over again?"

"Sure—go ahead. I'll edit it when we're finished."

"I'm a gynecologist," Delladay began. . . .

When he left there, he knew it was unlikely anyone would ever select him from the hundreds of tapes Captain Video offered. So when Video himself called a few days later, Delladay figured he'd be lucky if the woman who'd selected him from the dating-service files had all four limbs.

In fact, Felicity had a harelip. Delladay couldn't help but think the corrective surgery had left her looking a little like a chipmunk, the way the lip pulled up slightly under her nose. Even so, Delladay thought, she was absolutely stunning.

Felicity, he learned, was divorced, with a kid. She supported herself by

working as a waitress at Pancakeland.

"People in New York are dishonest," she told him over dinner their first night together. "I don't like being bullshitted. I'm tired of meaningless relationships that don't go anywhere. People aren't willing to open up."

Delladay agreed profusely. He had sworn off sex for the same reason, he said. "I'm into masturbation."

She stared at him curiously for a moment. "Masturbation?"

"Yeah—I mean I'm tired of waking up in the morning with a woman who I just don't want to be with. At least when you masturbate, you don't have to roll over in the morning, turn to your *hand* and say, 'Look, it's really been nice, but I have to go. I'll give you a call.'"

"Have you ever been involved with someone seriously?" she asked.

"Once, a long time ago," he told her.

"You mean your wife?" she asked.

"No, no, not her!" Delladay insisted.

Felicity told him that her last significant relationship had been with a homosexual Jew for Jesus who wrote literary criticism for the *New York Times*. Donald had left her and left town eight months earlier, she said. She had been celibate ever since.

"The kid makes it harder for me. I don't want him seeing his mother bringing home a different lover every night."

Delladay was impressed that she

cared about such things, and later that night he was especially touched when she brought him home with her. They made love on the couch, being very careful not to wake up the sleeping child.

It was an experience he would never forget. There was the usual nervousness, of course, as they removed each other's clothing. But once he actually lowered himself onto her, he was shocked by the intensity of emotion radiating from those deep, dark eyes.

His breath left him. As his cock thrust into the folds of her warm, musky opening, he felt himself merge with her. It was as if their molecules had separated and recombined to make a single, new person out of the two of them. It was a feeling he had never had before.

As his cock searched her cunt, he thrust his tongue deep into her mouth, allowing their breaths to co-mingle. He pushed his pelvis against hers, and she pulled her knees up to her chest, signaling unmistakable surrender. He had her pinioned like a beautiful butterfly caught in the agony of life crossing into death. This is what good sex always is.

The sex continued and improved—to the point where they would frequently spend the entire day locked in Felicity's bedroom, unaware of and uncaring about the kid in the next room. It was a surprise to Delladay that he could perform with such gusto at the age of 35—especially since he'd never been similarly inspired before. Often he actually continued to fuck after coming, his cock refusing to soften despite an intense ejaculation.

She was the sole source of his inspiration. Sexual by nature, she had been born knowing what other women had to learn.

"I love you," she told him one day as they lay in bed. Delladay had been smart enough not to say it first, but hearing the words from her, he could no longer contain himself. "I love you too," he said.

She smiled at his answer, rolling over on her belly to offer her ass as his reward. He took her from the rear, surprised that his cock was already stiff.

"I need you," he said when it was over. She did not respond, and he turned to her searchingly.

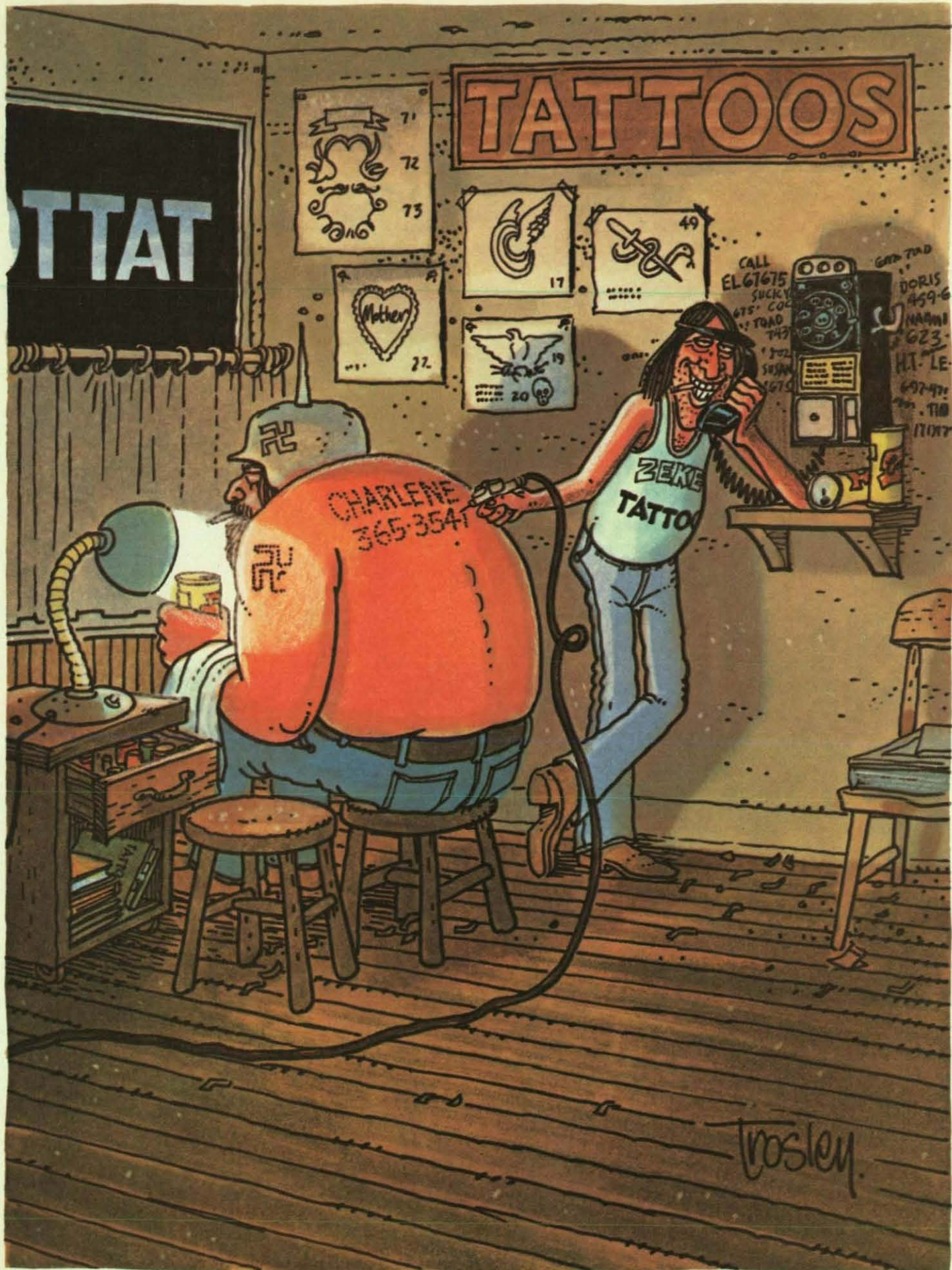
"I don't need anyone," she said. "I want you, that's all."

Delladay knew he'd trapped himself.

Felicity kept a pet white rabbit in her apartment. It was not caged, and lived mostly under the couch, coming out only occasionally to nibble on some lettuce or a carrot kept in a special dish.

(continued on page 94)







What compels a meek and quiet man to wander through a darkened back alley? Surely he knows there is danger lurking in the shadows.

The girls, street-wise and tough, have been waiting to vent their frustrated passions. Why not on this man who represents everything they are not?

The girls are undisciplined. They are unafraid to in-

dulge their raw emotions. He, on the other hand, keeps a tight lid on the terrifying feelings that churn inside him and struggle for release.

Could it be that each now fulfills the needs of the other, one to dominate, the other to free the controls that have repressed him? Yet when the police suddenly arrive, he whines pitifully, "They made me do it; they made me do it."















VIDEO-DATING

(continued from page 84)

The rabbit hated Delladay. Delladay hated the rabbit.

It was the most vicious rabbit he had ever seen. On more than one occasion it actually attacked him, racing from under the couch to nip at his shoes and trouser cuffs. Delladay's suspicion that the rabbit wasn't the only one who hated him was confirmed to his satisfaction the night Felicity's brother tried to karate-kick his head off his shoulders.

The occasion was a family get-together. Felicity's older brother had come over from Brooklyn—where, Delladay suspected, he worked for the Mafia. Her mother had coincidentally popped in from Fort Lee—where, Delladay suspected, she worked for the Mafia. They were already there when he came through the door, and Delladay couldn't help but notice that the three of them stared at him with cool aplomb as the rabbit raced up to chomp at his shoes.

It was a bad start, Delladay felt. Somehow they seemed to blame him for the rabbit's hostile act, as if he, Delladay, had done something to justify it.

"You should breed that damn thing," Delladay said. "You could sell the offspring as attack rabbits. You could

use them to guard against burglary and sabotage."

The trio was unamused.

"So you're Mr. Delladay," Felicity's mother said. "We've heard about you."

Peculiar phrasing, Delladay thought, hoping it reflected the general inability of people from New Jersey to articulate. His hopes dimmed quickly when, for one reason or another, Felicity and her mother began a protracted conversation on the subject of men.

"They're no damn good," Felicity's mother opined.

If Delladay was surprised by the remark, he was astounded by Felicity's quick agreement. "Yes," she said, nodding her head up and down. "None of them can be trusted."

"What?!" Delladay interrupted (casting a quick glance at Felicity's brother, who stood quietly grinning off to the side). "What?!"

The two women ignored him, pursuing their conversation. "They'll all leave you sooner or later," Felicity continued.

"Look at your father," the mother said. "He left me with you when you were only eight. A fine mess. No money. Did he care if you had no shoes?"

"But all men?" Delladay forced his way between Felicity and her mother. "All men? Am I responsible for what another man did?"

"Men only want sex," Felicity's mother reported. "Then they will leave you. Or keep a mistress."

"But that's crazy," Delladay said. "I don't want just sex. I want a relationship—I want communication."

"That's only what you think you want now," the gray-haired woman told him. "Once you've had your fill of sex, you won't want a relationship."

"You mean I don't want what I think I want?" Delladay questioned.

"No," the mother replied. "You want what you think you don't want."

"Men only want what they can't have," Felicity added. Her mother nodded in assent.

Delladay considered this. "That's crazy," he said at last. "I want what I want."

"You're talking to my mother and sister," Felicity's brother interrupted. "Watch your language."

"I don't want to," Delladay answered.

The foot sailed by his ear with a *whoosh!* At the same moment, the rabbit raced out from under the couch and bit him on the leg.

"Donald's back," Felicity told him two months into their relationship.

"You told me he wasn't coming back," Delladay reminded her.

"Well, he's back," she answered.

He stared at her for a while, and she stared back at him silently, volunteering nothing.

"You told me it was over between you two," he said at last. "It is over, isn't it?"

She remained silent.

"I can never figure this out," Delladay mumbled. It was late at night, and they had just stopped at his office to pick something up. The place was rigged with one of those silent-alarm systems that send a signal to the local police station if the proper sequence isn't tripped.

"Quick," he said, as he unlocked the door and pushed it back. He was heading for the black signal box mounted on the far wall.

"Now let's see..." He punched a button. The flashing red light told him he'd pushed the wrong one. "Shit!"

He turned to Felicity. "I fucked up. The cops will be coming. Give me a hand."

The two of them ran around the office gathering up the loose porn photos and shoving them into desk drawers. "The cops always hassle me about this," he told her when they finished.

They were sitting side by side on the edge of a desk. Her eyes looked at him invitingly. He leaned over and kissed her. She kissed him back intently.

"Here?" he asked. "Now?"

She answered by leaning back onto the desk top and pulling him on top of her. He kissed her and then ran his tongue over her ruined lip. His hand reached up to free her breast from its restraining sweater. Then for a moment he tried to stop.

"The cops will be here any minute," he warned. "There isn't time."

Lifting her hips toward him, she made it clear she didn't care. He pushed her skirt up to her hips and quickly pulled down her panties.

"This is crazy," he gasped, even as he pumped into her. "Why don't we just invite the New York Philharmonic while we're at it?"

She didn't answer, except to stare at him in surrender.

"I'm pregnant," she said.

Delladay stared at her across the kitchen table. His stomach tumbled. "How?"

"Well, how the hell do you think?"

"I mean... what about? ... Don't you use the Pill?"

"No."

"No?"

"Never."

"But how... what do you do? What did you do before? Since your divorce? For the last five years?"

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"I never needed anything. I could control it," Felicity said.

"What? Control what? How?"

"I could *will* it not to happen."

"Are you serious? You mean you could keep from getting pregnant by mental concentration?"

"Yes."

"Well, it doesn't work."

"It did up until now."

Delladay thought about that. "Yeah, it worked until it didn't work."

"It worked for five years."

"For you it worked for five years. For me it worked for two months."

"It still works."

"What do you mean?"

"I wanted it to happen." Her eyes were wide and intense; yet Delladay could not seem to read them.

"We can have it," Delladay said at last.

"I don't want it."

"But you said you wanted it."

"Who's going to take care of it? You? A two-bit pornographer with no prospects?"

The abortion was performed with one of those suction devices—relatively quick and painless. That night they took a ride on the Staten Island ferry. Felicity screamed hysterically for much of the trip.

When they arrived back at her place, he turned on the radio. It spewed out the blackest song he'd ever heard. From where in the infinite radio spectrum it came, Delladay didn't know. But they both heard the unlikely song that once, and never again for as long as they were to live: "Blood flows softly on the city streets/It cannot be heard above the buzzing of flies./And the ticking thing in the dead boy's chest/Went click . . . and click . . . and click."

The next time he saw her, there was a blanket on the couch in the living room and a pile of crushed-out Camels in the ashtray.

"Donald," she said, by way of explanation.

Delladay was stunned. He looked at her quizzically.

"He stayed here last night," Felicity told him. "He stayed over."

"How could you let him do that?"

She didn't answer his question. Instead she said, "Nothing happened. You can see that he slept on the couch."

"What's he want?" Delladay asked.

"To get back together."

"What did you tell him?"

"I said I didn't know."

Things did not get much better. First she started avoiding him. Then she

refused to see him entirely. Finally Delladay forced the issue, arriving at her door an hour before she was due to leave for work. Mercifully, Donald wasn't there.

"You're too possessive," she told him.

"That's because I care about you," he said. "If I didn't care about you, I wouldn't be possessive."

"Then I'd like you," she replied, at which point the rabbit ran out from under the couch and bit his shoe.

When the affair ended, Delladay returned to Captain Video's Dating Service to try again. But the Captain was no longer there.

"He sold the business," the receptionist told him.

With a little prodding Delladay found out that the Captain had not been above using the video files for his own purposes as well as for those of his customers. For a while things had gone really well for him; he was dating seven nights a week, sometimes even more than that.

"That was the problem," the receptionist smiled. "One of the women finally found out what he was doing and took him to court. She charged him with unethical behavior. And with rape. Finally they settled out of court. The Captain had to sell the dating service to make the settlement."

Though dismayed, Delladay continued to use the service, usually taking his dates to a small Soho restaurant that specialized in rabbit stew. He continued in that manner for a number of months, until one morning he again woke up in bed with a porn actress known for her singing cunt—at which point he resolved to give up sex.

To pass the time he would remake himself. The process was slow. It mostly involved lying on his living-room couch, sipping beer and retracing their romance step by step, as his eyes followed the cracks in the ceiling. Each time he hit a turning point in the relationship, he would mentally mark it somewhere in the maze of cracks. Then he would work on changing that part of himself that had failed to meet the challenge.

Like a carpenter refurbishing an old house, he would strip down past responses and attitudes. Slowly and painfully he would put new and better ones in their place. From time to time he would leave his apartment and test his work. The task went well.

After a while everything he had been and everything he had now become were represented on the gray and cracking ceiling. He admired and studied it as he waited for her call. 🐰



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All photos submitted become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine. Send entries to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. Be sure to use the model release on page 102 or a facsimile, and fill it out clearly so we'll know where to send the 50 bucks.

Photo by Steven Walker



Twenty-six-year-old Joann Young is an animal-technician from Barre, Massachusetts. She's into gardening, needlepoint and sunbathing, and would like to try making it with two guys at once.

Photo by M. Martin



Yanee Kausaiyanan, 22, was born in Thailand but now lives in Switzerland, where she works as a hostess. She enjoys playing cards and going to nightclubs. Her fantasy is to get licked on her clit.

Photo by Husband



Virginia Blevins, 49, is a secretary from Apple Valley, California, who likes swimming, parties and cooking. Her fantasy is to make love in a hot-air balloon while floating over the ocean.



Photo by Robert Blevins

Gabriele Kasperowitsch, 22, is a secretary from Toronto, Canada, who is interested in skiing, traveling and sewing. She fantasizes about being held as a prisoner of love by two guys.

Photo by Ray Robinson



Debbie Robinson is a 26-year-old nude dancer from South Bend, Indiana, who enjoys growing plants. She would like to be a man for one night—to see how it feels to be the fucker instead of the fuckee.

Photo by Pamela Taylor



King Philip is a two-year-old hound from Bellevue, Nebraska. He dreams of making the United States Olympic track-and-field team and balling a Russian wolfhound in Moscow.

Allison Drake, 23, is a travel agent from Riverside, California. She enjoys scuba diving and traveling, and dreams of being a sexual slave to Clint Eastwood after the two of them are shipwrecked on a deserted island.



Photo by Boyfriend

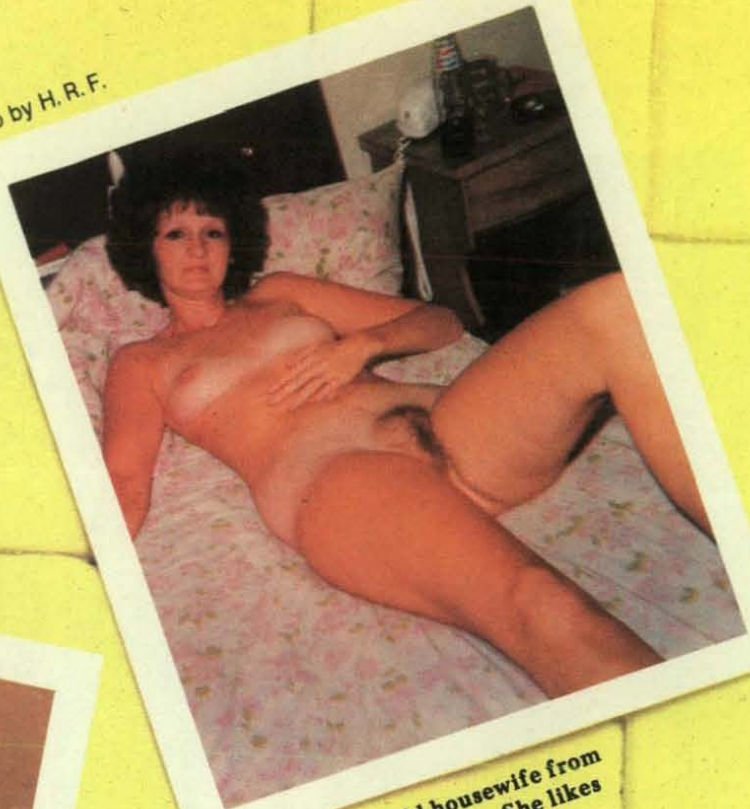


Thirty-year-old Valerie Jamrozy is a housewife from Roxbury, New York, who enjoys collecting military paraphernalia. She would like to make love in the snow.

Photo by James Jamrozy



Photo by H. R. F.



Zurich, Switzerland's Hedy Wismer is a 26-year-old airline clerk who enjoys men, dancing and fast cars. She fantasizes about making love in New York's Studio 54 disco.

B. F. is a 33-year-old housewife from Fort Campbell, Kentucky. She likes swimming, dancing and seducing males and females. Her fantasy? To make it with every man or woman who turns her on.

Photo by Larry Shields



Birmingham, Alabama's Cindy Shields is a 21-year-old housewife who likes to play pinball and go skinny-dipping. Her fantasy is to make love to her husband and his mistress at the same time.

Photo by Frank M. Burgi



Come for the Ladies

Photo by D. W.



B. W. is a 34-year-old construction worker from Burnsville, Minnesota, who passes the time playing volleyball and reading *HUSTLER*. He would like to participate in a threesome with his wife and another woman.

Wendy Murphy, 26, is an exotic dancer from Malibu, California, who likes to sunbathe in the nude and make things with her hands. She wants to live a full, loving life with a man who can always make her come.



Photo by Daddy Don



Chisago City, Minnesota, is the home of 19-year-old Lillian McCormick, a housekeeper who enjoys bike-riding, swimming and lying in the sun. Her fantasy of having her picture in *HUSTLER* has come true.

Photo by Dave Nelson



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Beaver Hunters, here is the model release you must send to us with your entry in HUSTLER's amateur photo contest (see page 97). Models should be shown totally nude. Faces must be visible in photos. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

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NUCLEAR DISASTERS

(continued from page 80)

to show how "harmless" its activities really are.

In fact, this normal background radiation is *not* harmless. Dr. John Gofman, Professor Emeritus of Medical Physics at the University of California at Berkeley and co-discoverer of plutonium, has determined in his research that this natural background radiation is responsible each year for 20,000 cancer deaths and perhaps 320,000 deaths from genetic mutations. Hence, the nuclear industry's double standard as to what constitutes a "safe" dose for atomic workers would make sense only if these employees did not have children, since every time they have a child they risk passing on the burden of their exposure to the general population into which that child will eventually breed.

How much radiation exposure is really safe? In 1925 government scientists set U.S. radiation-safety levels at 100 rems per person. Today even the .025-rem exposure limit is in dispute. In June 1979 a Federal Interagency Task Force investigating nuclear radiation reported to President Carter that almost all the scientists consulted agreed that any dose of radiation, regardless of how minimal it might be, "may create some risk of cancer or other injury."

While fewer people have been killed in American nuclear mishaps since the 1967 AEC accident report, the radiation doses workers are exposed to during the course of the workday have been growing steadily. Between 1972 and 1977, while the number of reactors rose from 26 to 67, the average worker's exposure increased by more than 100%. In fact, industrial statistics show that since 1974 America's nuclear-power plants have been increasing the rate of worker radiation exposure faster than they have been increasing the rate of power that they generate.

Who gets the worst of this increased exposure? During the period 1974-1977 routine-maintenance workers got more than a third of the exposure. Another third was soaked up by "special maintenance workers," commonly referred to as "sponges." Sponges are various types of workers called in to work for short periods of time at high pay to soak up radiation in heavily contaminated situations that would otherwise result in the overexposure of regular plant employees. Since these part-time sponge jobs often require unskilled workers, plants have at times filled these positions by recruiting college students from nearby campuses. The remaining third

of the increased exposure was absorbed by waste-processors, refueling inspectors and reactor-operations personnel.

It isn't just inside nuclear-power plants that people are dying or suffering damage to their bodies from radiation exposure. At every stop along the fuel cycle that feeds America's 72 working nuclear reactors, radiation is seeping into our air, water and bodies.

MINING: Six thousand uranium miners were overexposed to radioactive radon gas between 1946 and 1948, even though the dangers were well-known to federal officials in Washington. Uranium miners in the southwest United States are now dying from lung cancer at a rate five times greater than the national average. The U.S. Consumer Protection Agency predicts that the hundreds of deaths recorded so far will be dwarfed by thousands of radiation-related deaths over the next ten years.

MILLING: It takes a ton of uranium ore to make four pounds of fuel. The leftovers, called "tailings," are currently scattered in huge mounds at 22 dump sites in eight states. The debris is releasing deadly radon gas, which is then carried by the winds toward Chicago, Denver, New York City and Salt Lake City. In July of last year, at the United Nuclear Corporation's dump near Church Rock, New Mexico, 100 million gallons of contaminated water and 1,100 tons of radioactive sludge burst from a defective dam and poisoned 60 miles of the Rio Puerco River. Health officials in New Mexico and Arizona now fear an epidemic of cancer deaths in 20 to 30 years.

PROCESSING: For every ton of uranium going through the enrichment process, which transforms raw uranium into highly radioactive fuel, two ounces are lost into the environment and are a potential health hazard to residents who live near processing plants. At present, women living in counties bordering the Oak Ridge, Tennessee, enrichment plant are contracting lung cancer and leukemia at four times the national rate. According to Dr. Alice Stewart, a physician specializing in radiation-induced cancer at the Queen Elizabeth Medical Center in Birmingham, England, for "undiscovered reasons" women seem to be more sensitive than men to low chronic doses of radiation.

FABRICATION: When the enriched fuel is turned into fuel rods for use in the nation's reactors, more radiation is lost to the surrounding area—in this case the immediate vicinity. In six years of operation the Kerr-McGee Corporation plant in Oklahoma contaminated 200

(continued on page 107)

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SEX PLAY

(continued from page 34)

well as to the experiences they share.

Type C (59-75 points): This type *wants* to be a great lover. He has read all of the current books and articles on sexual techniques. He hungers for the perfect sexual encounter every time. Unfortunately, he is too concerned and too tense to really enjoy himself during sex. He pressures himself to be *the best*. He is often involved in "spectatoring"—watching himself to determine how he is doing. But he is too eager to please his lovers, and so they feel pressure, not pleasure. He never measures up to his own unrealistic standards and thus feels inadequate.

For him, each sexual experience is okay but not great. He strives for perfection, which prevents him from enjoying the moment. He plans a sexual encounter, and is disappointed if the blueprint is not followed to a T. He is plagued by self-doubts, which he covers with a false bravado. Yet his doubts gnaw away at him. He desperately needs to prove that he is a man, and uses sex to prove that point.

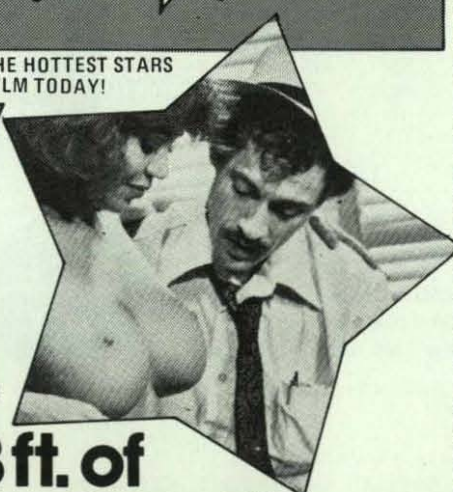
Type C would be a better lover by relaxing and by easing up on himself. He needs to realize that the *person* is lovable, not sexual technique. When he can see women as people with feelings (rather than as judges), he'll begin to realize sex can be fun. 

Answers: Give yourself the following points for each answer to the quiz in this month's *Sex Play* (see page 33). For example, if you answered question 1 with c, you'd get 3 points.

1. a-1 b-2 c-3
2. a-2 b-1 c-3
3. a-1 b-3 c-2
4. a-1 b-2 c-3
5. a-1 b-2 c-3 d-2
6. a-2 b-1 c-3
7. a-3 b-1 c-2
8. a-1 b-3 c-3 d-2
9. a-2 b-3 c-2
10. a-3 b-2 c-1
11. a-3 b-1 c-2
12. a-2 b-1 c-3
13. a-1 b-3 c-2
14. a-3 b-1 c-2 d-2
15. a-1 b-2 c-3
16. a-3 b-2 c-1 d-2 e-3
17. a-3 b-1 c-2
18. a-2 b-1 c-3
19. a-1 b-3 c-2 d-2
20. a-2 b-3 c-1
21. a-1 b-2 c-3
22. a-3 b-2 c-3 d-1
23. a-2 b-3 c-2 d-1
24. a-1 b-2 c-3 d-3
25. a-3 b-1 c-1 d-3 e-2 f-2

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Early last year I ran up a large stack of bills—never mind how—and by the fall I realized I needed an evening job for a while to straighten things out.

Now, I'm a tall, slim, well-dressed black man with a well-developed sense of style in clothing, so it wasn't difficult to land a job at a chic women's boutique in my city. The store was owned and managed by an attractive, red-haired divorcee in her early 30s named JoAnne.

As an employer JoAnne was fair, keeping her word about commissions and hours. But I noticed a kind of aloofness in her manner when she talked to me, even though, when I'd be waiting on customers or arranging a display, I'd often notice her watching me with a strange expression on her face. Other times I'd catch her staring hungrily at my crotch, as if she wanted to eat me raw.

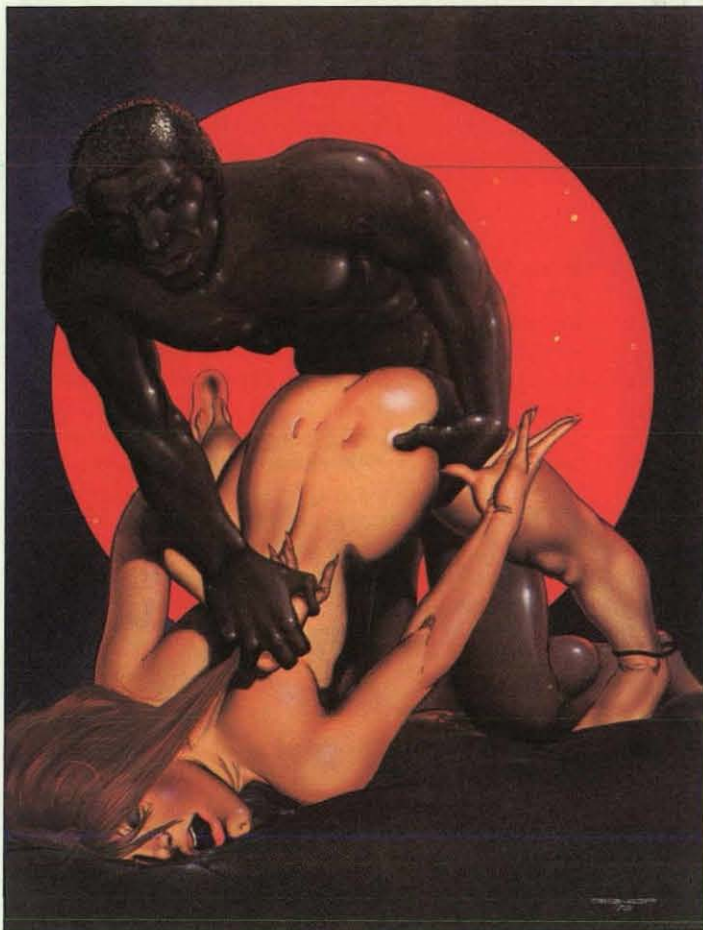
One night, as we were closing up, JoAnne asked if I'd like to join her for a drink. I saw her deep sea-green eyes looking clearly into mine, and 20 minutes later we were sitting sipping drinks in a corner booth at a local tavern.

She seemed to have something important to say, but at first she was too uptight to begin. A few drinks loosened her up, however, and soon she relaxed enough to talk freely.

It turned out JoAnne was born in a small Mississippi town, raised by strict Baptist parents who were very prejudiced against blacks. Her mother called them "filthy little nigger animals," and was apparently obsessed with the notion that the only thing "niggers" wanted to do was stick their big, nasty black things into little white girls' bodies. She warned JoAnne that if she played with blacks, they would one day drag her off behind the bushes, beat her and rape her. If that happened, of course, no "decent" man would ever want her.

At age 20 JoAnne married a wealthy

Kinky Korner is a column written by our readers—one person's report on his or her personal kink. We do not necessarily support the validity of every statement made here or agree with the writer's opinions. Our purpose is to present honest sexual experiences that will help to open a healthy dialogue among our readers. HUSTLER pays \$100 on publication for six-page, double-spaced (typed or neatly printed) manuscripts. Please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



WHITE WOMAN'S FANTASY

by D. E. Carter

man 17 years her senior who knew as little about sex as she did. She was a virgin on her wedding night, and the entire experience was traumatic and miserable. She told me that in nine years of marriage before her divorce she never came except while masturbating.

As JoAnne grew older, memories of her mother's warnings about some "nigger boy" sticking his black snake in her began to fuel her fantasies. She would lie in bed, dreaming of being brutally raped by a black man with a huge prick. Then she looked me right in the eye and said

that she finally wanted to act out her fantasy—with me as the rapist.

This chick must be crazy! I thought. The idea of rape had never entered my mind. But, grasping my hands across the table, JoAnne said she knew instinctively that she could trust me. She told me it would be like a game, at least as far as I was concerned. And then she said she would pay me!

Well, what can I tell you?—I said okay. JoAnne had thought the whole thing out. She showed me a little sketch map of her house, detailing how to get inside it, and she explained how it was set back in a wooded area, with plenty of trees and bushes to hide in. We went over a few more points together and agreed that I wouldn't tell her on which night I would make my appearance.

For the next three days I went to work as usual and then went home. I was really getting into the tension of the situation. Every time JoAnne looked at me in the store, I knew she was thinking, *Is it going to be tonight?* I was cool, treating her with deference, politeness and a total lack of any sexual suggestiveness.

On the fourth day I felt ready. When I got back to my apartment after work that evening, I showered, shaved, put on a dark jogging suit and fashioned a rough mask out of a black nylon stocking. I left my apartment at 10:30.

JoAnne lived about four miles from me. When I located the house, I drove around the corner and parked. As I moved toward the house, I heard the faint hiss of a shower running. I imagined her standing naked in the hot water. She was probably playing with herself—getting all hot and horny in the hope that tonight would bring the fulfillment of her fantasies.

Knowing that the side door by the garage would be unlocked, I made my way toward it. Once inside, I crept down a hallway and into JoAnne's bed-

room. I stepped inside a huge walk-in closet and pulled the sliding doors partly closed. The fragrance of JoAnne's clothing was all around me. My cock was really hard by this time.

I heard the shower stop, and then JoAnne came into the bedroom. She dropped the towel she'd been wearing and stood naked in front of her mirror, caressing her large, creamy-white breasts. She massaged them until the nipples stood erect. Then she sat down in front of her vanity table and began to brush her long, lustrous red hair. I carefully pulled off my jogging pants and freed my bursting prick.

After a few minutes she set her brush down; then she stood up and stretched, flashing me a clear view of her light-red pubic hair. Then she turned around as if to get into bed. That was my cue; it was now or never.

Without a sound I slipped through the closet doors and moved in behind her. My left hand went over her mouth while my right seized one of her full, ripe breasts. Her entire body tensed in shock. I knew she could feel my erection against her naked buns.

"Now you gonna cooperate, cunt, or you'll get hurt," I whispered into her ear. I moved her over to the bed in

lockstep with me and threw her down on top of it. To my amazement she bounced right up and came at me with her fingernails. I dodged, but not before getting a thin scratch on my cheek. Straightening up again smoothly, I held her by the arms in front of me and shook her gently but firmly.

"You know what I'm gonna do to you, honky bitch?" I whispered. "I'm gonna put my big black dick so deep in yo' cunt, it's gonna stick out yo' ass. But first you're goin' down on yo' knees with yo' mouth open. You're gonna lick me and suck me and beg me to fuck you."

My cock had been pressed up against my stomach between us, but now I lifted her slightly and let her ride it between her legs. She began to shake as she felt its hardness sliding across her cunt lips, and she squeezed her thighs tightly around it. I could have come at any second; the whole scene was more exciting than anything I'd ever experienced before. But I maintained, and we stood there for a minute or two while I moved her gently back and forth across my rod. Her juices flooded all over it.

Then I figured it was time to get back into her fantasy. I told her to get down on her knees and worship my "nigger snake" like the white whore she was.

She whimpered and struggled, so I tucked her under my arm and laid a couple of hard smacks on her firm, white ass just to remind her who was boss. She screamed for me to stop, screamed that she would do anything I asked. I gave her one more hard one and told her to get down on her knees—quick. She began to sob, and tears ran down her cheeks. But she knelt in front of me all the same, hiding her face in her hands.

I told her to keep her hands behind her and look at my cock. As she did, I held her by the hair and rubbed my rod all over her face. She moaned loudly and snuck one of her hands between her legs, but I didn't let her touch herself.

At my command she obediently moved her hands behind her, opened her mouth and slowly sucked in the end of my rod. I didn't want to gag her with it, so I didn't push it in too far. But the feel of her soft, wet mouth was so fantastic I almost shot my load on the first suck. I moved her face very slowly backward and forward and told her that I was using her head to jack-off into because she was such a cheap white tramp. She sucked me even harder.

Then I pushed her away abruptly and told her to get on all fours on the bed, with her hands pulling the cheeks of her ass apart. She jumped to obey me, burying her face in the sheets and sticking her ass and cunt high in the air. She was so excited by this time that the wetness was beginning to trickle down her thighs. I'd never seen such a beautiful sight; her red pubic hair was matted with moisture, and as she pulled her cheeks apart, the pinkness of her cunt glistened invitingly.

I told her that as she'd been such a good little whore, I'd let her put one finger on her clit before I raped her. She did so, almost toppling over on the bed in her efforts to keep her balance. When she was almost ready to come, I grabbed her by the ass cheeks and rammed my cock in as far as it could go. She screamed and climaxed almost immediately, and I felt her vaginal muscles squeezing my cock with automatic spasms. Within seconds I was pumping my jism deep inside her.

Well, to make a long story short, JoAnne and I were married two months later. Our sex life is unbelievably fantastic, and we still hold occasional "rape" sessions, as they are harmless fantasies and turn both of us on so much. Did she every pay me for that first encounter? Yes, she did—a \$100 bill in an envelope the next day. But I gave it right back to her, and now we keep it framed in the bedroom as a souvenir.



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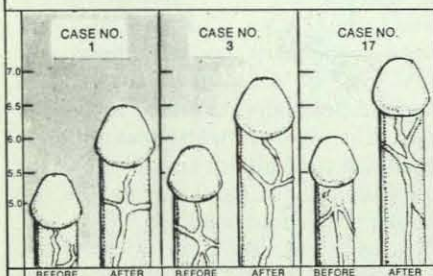
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NUCLEAR DISASTERS

(continued from page 102)

plant employees with plutonium, an element so dangerous that a particle weighing less than one-millionth of an ounce can cause a fatal lung cancer. James Smith, a former manager at the plant, recalled how "it was production first and to hell with the rest. The whole place was one big leak."

Karen Silkwood, an employee who tried to expose the danger, was herself contaminated when she unknowingly consumed plutonium dust that was later detected sprinkled on the food in her refrigerator. She was hospitalized for a brief period of time, following which, on November 13, 1974, she was killed in an automobile accident when her car mysteriously left the road while she was en route to meet a *New York Times* reporter. She was carrying documents relating to the Kerr-McGee operation; the documents were never found. A jury subsequently found Kerr-McGee responsible for Silkwood's contamination and ordered the company to pay \$10.5 million in damages to her family. The jury's decision was of national significance—Karen Silkwood had become the first officially recognized radiation victim of the nuclear industry.

REPROCESSING: The job of refining nuclear waste is so "dirty" that not even General Electric could figure out how to do it. GE spent \$64 million on a reprocessing plant in Illinois only to determine the design was "unworkable." The plant was never opened. The last reprocessing plant to operate in the U.S. was Getty Oil's Nuclear Fuel Service plant in West Valley, New York. It was closed down in 1972 after it had contaminated streams and wildlife and dusted the landscape with radioactive tritium, plutonium and strontium-90. Getty's West Valley plant had the highest worker-exposure rate in the industry. The year after the plant opened in New York's Cattaraugus County the infant-mortality rate there shot up by 54%. The Citizens Energy Project in that area, having consulted physicians, attributed the increase in deaths to the toxic impact of the Getty plant.

TRANSPORTATION: Nuclear materials must often be moved hundreds of miles by rail and by truck. It took a suit by Ralph Nader's group, Critical Mass, to disclose the industry's track record on transportation safety. Since 1974, according to Critical Mass, there have been no fewer than 328 nuclear-transportation accidents, 118 of which spilled radioactive materials into the environment. Eighty-seven percent of the spills dumped deadly materials across the



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nation's highways. Leonard S. Solon, director of the New York City Health Department's radiation bureau, estimates that a single trucking accident in Manhattan, releasing plutonium into the city environment, could cause 10,000 immediate deaths and a million cancers in the future.

WASTE STORAGE: The biggest problem in the nuclear-fuel cycle comes at the end of it. Since the shutdown of the West Valley reprocessing plant, there is no place to reprocess atomic waste. Highly radioactive used fuel is accumulating in water-storage pools behind every reactor. People in the nuclear industry jokingly refer to this as "nuclear constipation" (the industry's inability to get rid of its own waste), but it's no laughing matter. Some of this material will remain radioactive for 250,000 years, and no one has yet come up with a permanent solution for handling the hazardous garbage.

Hanford, Washington, is the home of one of the largest nuclear-waste storage sites in the U.S. In just one spill in 1975, 115,000 gallons of radioactive sludge seeped into the ground. The Hanford spills have contaminated the nearby Columbia River, which feeds into the Pacific Ocean. Now radioactive cesium-137 detected in Japanese waters is believed to have come from the Hanford

dump site. After traveling across thousands of miles of ocean, the radioactivity of the cesium had not been significantly diminished! In 1975 it was discovered that so much plutonium had been buried in one trench at Hanford that there was a real danger of a spontaneous chain-reaction explosion. The resulting cloud, if such an explosion were to occur, would have passed like a death shroud over the town of Hanford. It cost the AEC \$2 million to dig up and rebury the waste.

The residents near a Soviet nuclear dump in the Ural Mountains were not as fortunate as the people of Hanford. In December 1957 the radioactive-waste dump at the Kasli atomic plant near the town of Kyshtym exploded, causing hundreds, perhaps thousands, of deaths. A little-known CIA memo uncovered by Ralph Nader's Critical Mass group confirmed the explosion and quoted an unidentified informant who reported that there had been a "terrific explosion" followed by a radiation cloud, and "very quickly all the leaves curled up and fell off the trees."

Survivors were brought to nearby towns. "We could see the skin on their faces, hands and other parts of the body to be sloughing [peeling] off... it was a horrible sight," the eyewitness added. Another source described the sight as it

appeared in 1961: "We crossed a strange, uninhabited and unfarmed area... the land was empty. There were no villages, no towns, no people, no cultivated land; only the chimneys of destroyed houses remained." The Kyshtym disaster caused an outbreak of mysterious illnesses and left a radioactive scar on the earth's surface easily visible to America's spy satellites.

In the aftermath of Three Mile Island the Presidentially appointed Kemeny Commission, set up to investigate the TMI disaster, concluded on October 30, 1979, that "nuclear plants are not appropriate neighbors to urban areas." The TMI disaster, which did not reach the ultimate meltdown stage, caused the evacuation of 144,000 people and cost an estimated \$18.2 million in relocation expenses and lost wages for residents.

In the event of a complete core meltdown at Three Mile Island or at a similar plant in a similarly populated area, the fatalities would be nothing less than catastrophic. According to a report issued by the Brookhaven National Laboratory on Long Island, such a catastrophe could kill 45,000 people outright, injure 100,000, cause \$17 billion in property damage and contaminate an area the size of Pennsylvania. Former U.S. Deputy Energy Secretary John O'Leary feels it is only a matter of time before we experience a nuclear-plant meltdown. We could expect one, O'Leary estimates, before the year 2000.

The Kemeny Commission has made more than 40 recommendations to improve nuclear safety, including upgraded operator-training, stricter plant-licensing, evacuation-planning and replacement of the Nuclear Regulatory Commission with a single Presidentially appointed official. The Kemeny Commission further ruled that future commercial reactors should be built in remote areas and that those near population centers should be subject to tougher safety standards.

If there is to be a future for atomic power—one that doesn't threaten the future of the human race—it will take more ingenuity and honesty and painstaking effort than we have yet seen.

The cover-ups have gone on long enough. For more than 30 years government and industry officials have misled the American public, and a lot of people—uranium miners, mill workers, fuel-handlers, reactor operators and innocent bystanders—have died as a result. There is no time left for alibis. As one shaken member of the Kemeny Commission put it, "I have a terrible feeling that somewhere out there is another accident waiting to happen."

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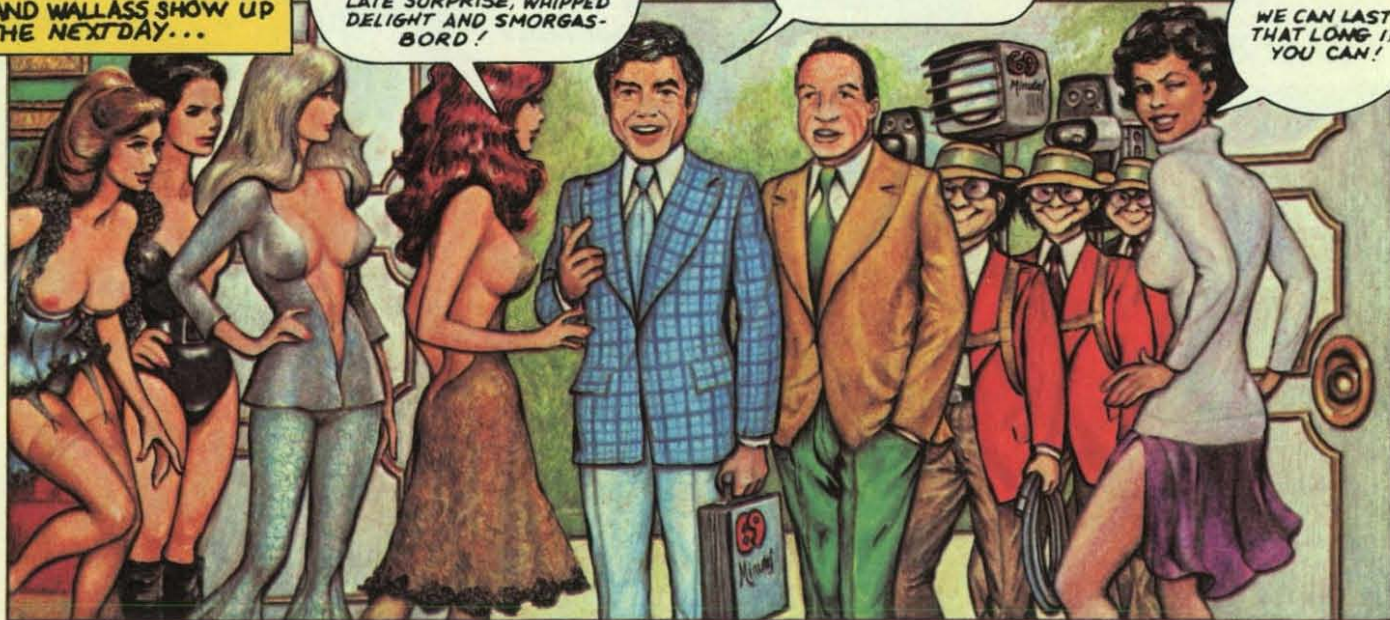
HMM! THE EXPOSURE WOULDN'T HURT BUSINESS. BUT WHAT DOES HE MEAN BY "SHAMEFUL"?

SURE ENOUGH, BLATHER AND WALLASS SHOW UP THE NEXT DAY...

WELCOME, GENTLEMEN! TODAY'S MENU INCLUDES FRENCH PASTRY, CHOCOLATE SURPRISE, WHIPPED DELIGHT AND SMORGAS-BORD!

NO THANKS, MA'AM! I'M HERE TO PROBE FOR "69 MINUTES"!

WE CAN LAST THAT LONG IF YOU CAN!



I WANT TO KNOW EVERYTHING THAT GOES ON IN HERE - AND DON'T TRY TO COVER ANYTHING UP!

WE'VE NEVER BEEN ACCUSED OF THAT!

NOW, MISS HONEY, WE WANT TO GET AT THE REAL TRUTH ABOUT YOUR BUSINESS! FORGIVE ME IF I'M PUSHY, BUT I DON'T WANT TO LEAVE WITHOUT GETTING THE WHOLE STORY!

NOBODY LEAVES HONEY'S WITHOUT GETTING WHAT THEY CAME FOR!

YOU MIGHT BE INTERESTED IN MY INTERROGATION TECHNIQUES!

OH, A TOUGH GUY! I WILL HANDLE THIS VUN!

T-TELL ME, DON'T YOU FEEL YOU'RE DEBASING THE SEX ACT BY CHARGING MONEY?

NOT AT ALL, MR. BLATHER! REPRESSION IS WHAT'S DEBASING! WE PROVIDE FUN, AND WE'RE GOOD AT IT! YOU'RE GETTING PAID FOR INTERVIEWING ME, AREN'T YOU?

HONEY SENSES THAT ACTION WILL SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS!...

EVERYBODY COMES! FOR INSTANCE - YOU SEEM TO BE RISING TO THE OCCASION!

BUT WHAT KIND OF PERSON WOULD COME HERE?

FINALLY, DAN BLATHER CAN'T RESIST UNCOVERING HIS STORY! LIKE A GOOD NEWSMAN, HE PLUNGES RIGHT IN!

MMMMMMGRRRRRMMMMRRFF!

COULD YOU REPEAT THAT QUESTION?

THOSE CAMERAS AREN'T
TURNED ON, I HOPE!

NO, BUT THE
CAMERAMEN
ARE!

EES THEES
WHAT THEY MEAN
BY "NIPPING IN
THE BUD"?

THIS IS MY KIND
OF "DOUBLE EX-
POSURE"!



MEANWHILE, THE WORLD'S TOUGHEST
QUESTIONER IS GIVING ILSA THE THIRD DEGREE!

DO YOU MEAN TO TELL ME
THAT PEOPLE PAY TO BE SUB-
JECTED TO THIS KIND OF STUFF?

FUNNY YOU
SHOULD ASK!
YOU VILL STEP
THIS VAY!



SO THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED
TO CHAINA AND JACKAL!

CHAINA, YOU PHONY
LIBERAL! GUTLESS
BLEEDING HEART!

HOW COULD THEY HAVE
STOOPEO SO LOW AS TO DO
THAT HERE?



BEG, JACKAL, YOU
DULL-WITTED, NEO-
FASCIST REACTIONARY!

I KNOW WHAT YOU
MEAN! THEY USED
TO DO THE SAME
THING VERBALLY
ON YOUR SHOW!



MEANWHILE, BLATHER
HAS BROADENED THE
SCOPE OF HIS INVE-
STIGATION!

"69 MINUTES" ISN'T THE ONLY TV NEWS SHOW WORKING ON A STORY! "50/50" IS DOING
A BEHIND-THE-SCENES EXPOSE OF NONE OTHER THAN THE CREW OF "69 MINUTES."
AND THE TRAIL HAS LED HARDO RIVIERA AND HUGH DOWNER STRAIGHT TO HONEY'S!

I'VE ALWAYS
BELIEVED IN
THE EQUAL-
TIME RULE!

THIS IS TURNING
OUT TO BE QUITE A
PENETRATING
INTERVIEW!



AHA! WE'VE
CAUGHT OUR
RIVALS WITH
THEIR PANTS
DOWN IN A
WHOREHOUSE!
THIS WILL SURE
BOOST OUR
RATINGS!

YOU'RE RIGHT,
HUGH! WHAT A
DISGUSTING
SCENE!

UH - COULD
YOU LEND ME
SOME MONEY,
HUGH?





We've broadened the scope of *Mail-Order Feedback* to include the lowdown on "straight" merchandise as well as on erotic goods. Suckers, as they say, are indeed born every minute, and it's this column's purpose to help you avoid being one. Write *HUSTLER Mail-Order Feedback*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Besides us, we suggest that you bitch about your mail-order burns to your local Better Business Bureau or the chief federal authority—the Consumer Advocate Office, United States Postal Service, Washington, D.C. 20024.

MISSING SKIVVIES

Last year *Rene Bond Company* (P.O. Box 4261, North Hollywood, California 91607) ran an ad that said: "I'll send you my slightly used PANTIES, personal LETTER and PHOTO for only \$7!" We wanted to check these dirty drawers out, so we asked one of our operatives, code-name Eddy, to order a set for us. Eddy sent Rene a money order, and it was cashed almost immediately. Four months later, still waiting, we mailed Rene a letter asking what had happened to the shit-blasted bloomers we'd ordered. No response, no skivvies, no nothing. We're still waiting for a word or a whiff.

In case you didn't know, companies like *Rene Bond Company* are shills to find out who the suckers are so that their names can be put on a list and sold to other mail-order houses. One dealer, who used to run grab-bag and warehouse-clearance ads in several men's mags, told us, "These names are like gold to us. You know that if they're going to bite for a girl's dirty underwear or somebody's promise of \$20 worth of smut for \$3, they've got to be easy marks. And the big company will trip all over itself trying to buy their names from us, because some porn dealers figure they've got a moral right to separate suckers from their money."

Of course, we're just guessing. We still haven't received our panties, and neither have several other angry people who ordered them, according to our mail. Worse yet, Eddy is starting to complain about all the junk mail he's getting from every two-bit dealer in the country.

SOFT RAUNCH

Diverse Industries, Inc. (7651 Haskell Avenue, Van Nuys, California 91406), sells mainly soft-core material. But it does handle one line of hard-core films by Ron Raffaelli. The newest Raffaelli "portfolio" is called *Couples in Love*, an assemblage of eight "erotic" films. Whereas most of the hard-core flicks we

recommend are raunchy and raw, Raffaelli's offerings aspire toward erotic art. It's been said that women in particular enjoy his brand of artsy smut, but personally we're not too crazy about his close-ups of cock heads being swirled by tongue tips and his other pretenses designed to give the impression that the filmmaker is rising above run-of-the-mill swill.

Still, it's a shame the company doesn't advertise its Raffaelli films. The women are all knockouts, especially Seka, the platinum "Miss Swedish Erotica of 1979," who stars in Raffaelli's "Dream Goddess" (F-695) and "Fire & Ice" (F-701). Seka, who was also featured in the August 1979 issue of *CHIC*, has changed from peroxide white to sweet blond in these flicks. Unfortunately, Raffaelli doesn't use her beauty and expert cocksucking to full effect. "Fire & Ice" doesn't even have a cum shot. And neither film—in fact, none in the series—approaches true porn art. *Diverse* sells the flicks for \$25 each, three to five for \$20 each or the entire collection for \$145. Postage and handling is \$2.

CONTEMPO

The fattest folder in *Mail-Order Feedback*'s complaint file belongs to *Contempo* (P.O. Box 911, Madison Square Station, New York, New York 10010). Here are a few excerpts from letters we have received:

□ "... I have ordered \$35 worth of movies from *Contempo* by personal check. They have my money, but I still don't have my movies. . . . "

—M. F.

Joliet, Illinois

□ "I ordered several 8mm films from *Contempo* 12 weeks ago and have heard nothing from them since. I have also written two letters to them inquiring about my order, and they have been ignored. . . . "

—B. D.

Mobile, Alabama

□ "Like some others, I ordered from *Contempo*. They cashed my check for \$38.50 but did not send their junk. . . . "

—F. W.

Lake Jackson, Texas

□ "... To date I have not received my order from *Contempo* or any information concerning when the films will be mailed. . . . "

—J. A.

Orange Park, Florida

We could fill this column with hate mail directed at *Contempo*, and we finally stopped running the firm's ads because of all the nondelivery problems. More

recently the people who ran *Contempo* changed the name of the outfit to *C.M.I.* and have placed ads in *HUSTLER* again. The address and the ads are exactly the same as *Contempo*'s. We spoke with the head of the agency that places *C.M.I.*'s ads, and he promised us that the company has cleaned up its act and is now able to deliver promptly. We'll be watching closely.

BEWARE!

Last month I ordered eight films from *R & G Distributors* (6311 Yucca Street, Hollywood, California 90035). I was supposed to receive eight 200-foot films, but they sent me one reel with all eight films together. The quality of the films was very poor. They were supposed to be in color, but they were not. I wrote the company, but they told me I couldn't get a refund, that all they'd do was give me credit for any other merchandise I ordered from them. Frankly, I don't want anything they've got, now that I've seen it. When I order fuck films, I really get fucked.

—G.S.D.

Follansbee, West Virginia

This is just one of several complaints we received about *R & G Distributors*. Another firm, *Gallant Press*, inspired the following letter:

I ordered some sex magazines from *Gallant Press* (1680 North Vine, Suite 619, Hollywood, California 90028), which promised two groups of magazines for \$25. I ordered because several magazines were being offered, including *Selecta* and *Colour Climax*, that I know to be hard-core. About three months later a C.O.D. package came for me. It took \$34.75 to get it out of the post office. When I took it home and opened it, I was mad enough to bite nails. All it contained were a few 1960s nudist magazines and a statement that this was only one-half of the order. The other half would be sent when they got their money. I quickly wrote them a nasty letter, demanding a refund. As yet I haven't heard from them or received the rest of my magazines.

—M. L.

Brooksville, Florida

R & G Distributors and *Gallant Press* have something in common: They advertise hard-core but sell soft-core junk that wouldn't make a moose horny. We told G. S. D. and M. L. to repackage their merchandise and ship it back to the companies with a letter demanding a refund. Then we contacted the firms in question and suggested that they return the money they'd conned from the two customers. We'll keep you up to date on the companies' response. ☹

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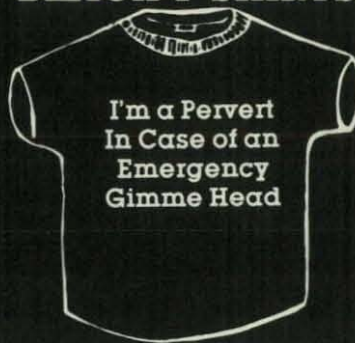
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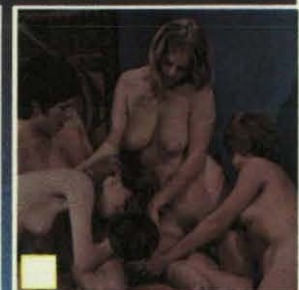
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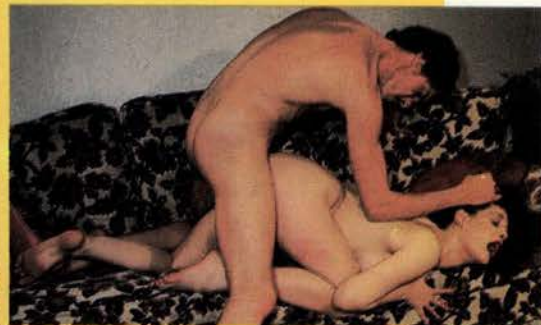


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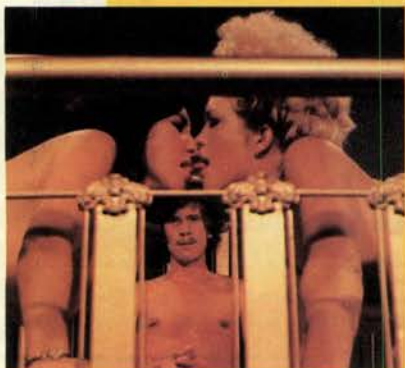
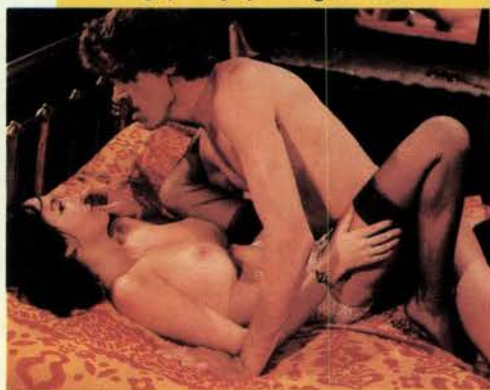
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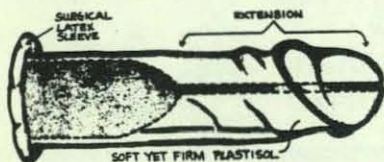
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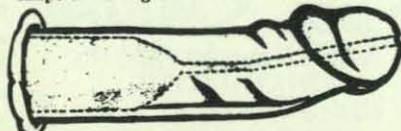
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SAME TIME



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PLAYING BY
HORNY COUPLE
WHO SEDUCE HER



3

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LITTLE HONEY A
LESSON IN
LESBIAN LOVE



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ORGY**
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|---|---|---|
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| <input type="checkbox"/> DEEP SUSAN — TFD | <input type="checkbox"/> BALLING STEWARDESSES — TFI | |
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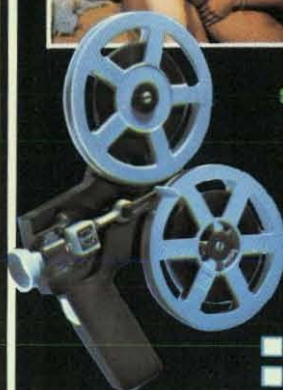
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SNAKE-HANDLERS

(continued from page 58)

main social events in the quiet, rural lives of Holiness people are the church meetings held three and four times a week, and they attend faithfully.

I slipped into a seat in the rear of the church. Up at the altar a powerfully voiced woman was accompanying herself on the piano, supported by guitars, tambourines, cymbals and the fervent singing of the congregation.

I was beginning to enjoy the music when Pete Hickson walked over from his seat behind the altar and shook my hand. "One of the brothers has a black rattlesnake with him," he explained. "If he feels the anointing, you'll get to see some serpent-handling." With that he clapped me on the back and returned to his chair. Sure enough, a tall, thin man sat with a snake box beneath his chair. *Hallelujah!* I thought.

Suddenly the music stopped, and the preacher, Denver Short, a former coal miner, launched into his impassioned sermon, occasionally speaking in tongues, which sounds something like tobacco-auctioneering.

After the sermon the prayer session began, and the communicants knelt—shaking, sobbing and praying, with their faces buried in the backs of the pews. It is often at this point that the talking stops and the snake-handling begins. But the thin man with the rattlesnake continued to sit in his chair, occasionally staring nervously in my direction. It occurred to me that he might have been intimidated by the presence of an unbeliever.

I was lifted out of this gloomy thought by the sudden looming of a huge, ancient man with a face like the side of a strip-mined mountain. "I'm Brother Smite," he said, extending his hand. "What's your name?"

"Brother Fortunato."

"I'd like to welcome you here," he said, "but first I have to ask you a question. Are you a salesman?" I denied being one. Brother Smite, seemingly satisfied, patted me on the back and returned to the front of the church, gently laying hands on the kneeling, sobbing, praying faithful.

Without warning the man with the snake exited through the side door. I felt like chasing after him, to bring him back and force him to handle the snake.

Outside, after the service, Brian, a teenaged member of the congregation, told me he had caught the yellowback rattler that killed Erin Long. "Buddy, let me tell ya it was a *mean* thing! Whenever anyone came near its box, it'd start to hiss'n' and a-strikin' at the

mesh." Clearly, Erin Long had handled the wrong snake. What was not clear was when and where I would actually witness some snake-handling.

Earlier that day Pete Hickson had recommended the Blackmont Pentecostal as a "sure thing" for Sunday morning. After a 20-mile drive I found myself trying to play pool with a group of young coal miners and discussing the serpent situation.

"Try the Callaway Church," one guy said. "They're having a revival tomorrow. Those snake-handlers go batshit during revivals."

I decided to follow the miner's steer. It was a mistake. The revival contained all the elements of a Holiness service except one—snakes. I called Hickson.

"You went to the wrong church."

"I know. I know."

"There was some handlin' over at Blackmont this morning, and there was an accident too—Brother Hatfield got bit. I think he's all right though."

"Tell me, Pete—what's the chance of seeing some snake-handling over in Rose Hill tonight?"

"Well, Austin Long is the pastor there, and I've never known Austin not to pick up a serpent during a service."

As the crow flies, Rose Hill, Virginia, is perhaps 20 miles from Harlan. But thanks to the Cumberland Mountains it takes an hour and a half to get there,

even driving at breakneck speeds. I stopped at a gas station where a half-dozen overalls-clad old-timers were playing cards.

"Do you know where the Rose Hill Pentecostal is at?"

"Oh, you mean Austin's Chapel!" one answered. "Take the first gravel road after the railroad trestle."

The gravel road, surrounded on both sides by ten-foot weeds, seemed endless. Just as I was beginning to despair, a litany of singing rose out of the weeds, and about 100 yards later I found a small, unpainted building.

Despite the startling sight of a stranger at a remote Holiness service, the congregation greeted me with smiles. Among the adult males lining the perimeter of the altar was an albino man with a glass-topped snake box at his feet. Inside the box a yellowback rattlesnake could be plainly seen, curled and seemingly unaware of the music.

Next to the albino sat an old man with a bandage on his chin. It was Brother Hatfield, who had been bitten that same morning. Apparently the saying "once bitten, twice scared" does not apply to Holiness people.

Brother Hatfield was not the only one nursing a wound. When the music stopped, Austin Long's nephew, Gary, began a frenzied sermon. Gary wore a large bandage on his left thumb, the

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symbol of a rattlesnake bite he suffered at a Fourth of July revival. In the Holiness tradition he took the bite to "Doctor Jesus," refusing medical attention. His arm turned black and bloated out to twice its size. God had given Gary a powerful set of lungs, and for 45 minutes he bellowed out his sermon at a level of intensity that would have given an average man a stroke.

Soaked in sweat and falling into convulsions, Gary turned the service over to his uncle. Of all the Holiness preachers I encountered, Austin Long was perhaps the most impressive. He is a large man with a powerful fire-and-brimstone face and the manner of a relaxed patriarch. Dressed in a pearl-buttoned Western shirt, he could have easily passed for the local sheriff.

"Testify, children!" Long commanded, and one by one the congregation stood up for the Lord. Long called a woman to the front of the church, announcing that she suffered from cancer. "Did they tell you whether you'll make it?" Austin asked.

"That's what I have against modern medicine—they won't tell her whether she's gonna live or die!" With that the congregation surrounded the poor woman and began laying hands on

her—the Holiness method of healing.

My attention, however, was riveted on the albino with the snake box. Whenever I felt his scrutiny, I tried to look pious, fearful that the presence of an unbeliever would spook him as it had the snake-handler at the Pentecostal. It didn't. While members of the congregation mouthed prayers over the cancer-ridden woman, a half-dozen men gathered around the albino, who stood up with the snake box at his feet.

The men converged, and with eyes closed and faces buried in their hands they began a circle-jerk of prayer. The albino could be heard above them, repeating, "Oh, how I love Jesus!" Finally, as if in receipt of a signal, he opened the box and slowly lifted out the rattler by its tail.

The other men fell silent as they watched the moment of truth, knowing, as I did, the danger that exists during the initial moment of contact with the snake. The albino held the serpent out at arm's length from his body, which was arched backwards, away from the snake. While he held it by its rattles, I shuddered, remembering something that Alfred Ball had told me: "They don't like to be held with their heads pointing down." But the yellowback, which was three-feet long, seemed to be taking the whole business in stride as it casually tested the air with its tongue.

The albino eventually grabbed the snake around its middle with his left hand and slowly lifted it above his head. Apparently feeling triumphant at this point, he resumed his litany, nearly shouting, "Oh, how I love Jesus!" The other men took up the call with a series of *Hallelujahs* and *Amens*. Meanwhile, a group of wide-eyed children that had been playing outside now crowded the doorway. (Although the *Amens* and *Hallelujahs* kept rolling out, none of the men removed their eyes from the snake. Their eyes reflected fear—quite sanely, I felt. No matter how fanatical his faith, each man knew perfectly well that at any moment, without warning and in a split second, the rattler could strike, sending its handler into weeks of agonizing pain, perhaps even death. Nevertheless, one by one they held out their hands as a signal that they were ready to handle the serpent.)

The first was Brother Hatfield, bravely chancing his second bite of the day. His body was arched away from the snake, moreso than the albino's, and at one point the rattler actually slipped several inches through his fingers, causing the other men to wince and draw back momentarily. But the snake remained unperturbed, and Hatfield seemed to relax.

In slow motion Hatfield then handed the snake to a man who had previously identified himself as a Vietnam veteran. Carefully, as if he were handling a live Claymore mine, the man grasped the snake around its middle, just above Hatfield's hand. My head snapped back a little as the snake suddenly arched its head and swayed back and forth, surveying the faces of the handlers. However, it did nothing more than rotate its head warily and continue to survey the scene. The rattler seemed to know it was surrounded by alien creatures, but it showed no sign of striking.


Sitting and watching this, it appeared to me that the men were lucky. Perhaps Divine Providence was interceding on their behalf, but it seemed to me that they were handling the snake more out of a macho sense of duty than because of the calling of the Lord.

Finally, after the last two men handled the rattler with equal caution, their bodies arched backwards, the serpent was handed back to the albino—who, sliding his right hand up to the snake's head and cradling its curling body in his left hand, slowly lowered it back into the box. Though there was no outward expression of it among the handlers or the other communicants, it seemed to me as if the entire room breathed a collective sigh of relief.

The ritual over, the Reverend Long, who had been watching from the sidelines, appearing unaffected by the deadly moment (the snake-handling had lasted only five minutes in its entirety), rose and slapped everyone on the back, like a coach congratulating his squad for a job well done.

Later I asked Austin Long why he thought his cousin Erin had been killed. "You'll find that some men won't wait on an anointing; they handle immediately, out of pride." To me that seemed to be the case with Austin's congregation that evening. But whether they handled out of faith, pride or insanity, I had to respect the Holiness people. If nothing else, they know how to liven up a church.

As usual with Holiness folk—and although I was an unbeliever, a Yankee, a city slicker and a writer fella—Austin's last words to me were: "Y'all come back anytime you like, now."

Probably the Holiness scene will always be viewed as one of old-time religion run amok. But in the opinion of this reporter, who left the snake-handlers no more a believer than when he had arrived, their faith is genuine and often moving. One of my research books bore the title *Snake Handlers: God-Fearers or Fanatics?* The answer is that they are both. 

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MIKE PARKHURST

(continued from page 48)

feeling. I've put more than a million miles on tractor-trailers, and I still find that same thrill. Some people perceive truckers as being dull brutes. In truth, they're especially sensitive individuals."

By December 1961 *Overdrive's* press run had increased to 16,000 copies. Continuing increases in circulation helped turn his initial dream into a reality when, in 1962, Parkhurst established the ITA—described in its charter as "a voluntary association of concerned truckers, but not a union." Participants were attracted to the nonprofit organization in part by a package of member benefits ranging from life and disability insurance to round-the-clock legal assistance.

Meanwhile, using *Overdrive* as the forum and political wedge that he first intended, editor Parkhurst hammered hard at a wide variety of issues. His organization went to court numerous times on behalf of truckers. In one instance he spearheaded a drive to abolish Iowa's notorious justice-of-the-peace system, which shook down drivers caught in speed traps. Documenting corruption in the trucking industry, *Overdrive* printed dozens of carefully researched articles linking criminal figures to abuses in the International Brotherhood of Teamsters Central States Pension Fund. It mounted crusades ranging from calls for clean truckstops to advocacy of uniform trailer lengths.

Parkhurst's latest (and possibly most controversial) crusade seeks to raise the Double Nickel—the 55-mile-per-hour highway speed limit—to 65 miles per hour for all vehicles on all four-lane, federally funded highways. "The Double Nickel," explains Parkhurst to the convention crowd at the Opryland Hotel, "requires a trucker to spend 48 more hours driving every month, plus approximately an extra 40 hours off-duty on the road, away from his family—a total of an extra 88 hours a month away from home. That's 1,056 hours a year.

"Since truckers in interstate commerce are only allowed to work 3,200 hours a year, this represents the equivalent of a 33% cut in earnings. If the speed limit is not adhered to, which is often the case, fines cost the trucker hundreds of dollars a year. It's a no-win situation, especially when you consider that the largest federal study ever done, confirmed as accurate by the Department of Transportation, proves that 68 miles per hour causes fewer accidents than 55. That study, for some unknown reason, has been suppressed, hidden

away in a small office of the Chief of Environmental Design. I want to ask one question of the Department of Transportation: Why is this report being suppressed?"

"Because they treat the independent like dirt," shouts an anonymous voice from the agitated throng.

Five hundred delegates spontaneously burst into cheers and applause. They've read it all before in the pages of *Overdrive*, but hearing it again from the charismatic Parkhurst whets their appetite for justice. Hovering at a podium beneath three ornate chandeliers, waving his arms and pounding the speaker's table for emphasis, Parkhurst feels a surge of power from his vocal supporters—many of whom participated in the Shutdown of '79.

But the recognition goes beyond this floral-carpeted room. After years of battling his head against the wall, Parkhurst and his organization are finally getting respect and recognition from the people who count. New York Congressman Jack Kemp (Republican) has introduced reregulation legislation in the House of Representatives that would grant independents equality with the big trucking fleets. The Carter Administration, pressured by the June shutdowns, has formulated a truckers'-relief plan of its own, co-sponsoring a bill with Teddy Kennedy in the Senate.

Parkhurst then reads aloud a Mailgram from Senator Kennedy, who had addressed the convention in person a year earlier. The message pledges Kennedy's full support of the independents: "It is time for Congress to eliminate needless restrictions on backhauls, on truck routes, on intermediate stopoff and on the types of commodities that truckers haul. It is time to allow truckers more flexibility in the rates they charge, to enable them to respond to competitive pressures and to attract new business. Most of all, it is time to terminate the special immunity from the antitrust laws which allows a few regulated truckers to fix the prices to be charged for most truck transportation in this nation."

The wide smile crossing Parkhurst's face as he finishes reading Kennedy's message acknowledges a new wave of deafening applause. But he is not wholly content with this pledge of support from Washington. Further progress needs to be made, he says: "Before starting out on a trip, the stack of paperwork the independent must wade through just to legally license his truck is staggering. There are no two states with similar requirements, no two states with duplicate forms, no two states with anything in common except one thing: Those

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forms will get them money from truckers who can barely afford to exist."

Parkhurst also attacks the states' weight-and-length-law abuses, particularly in the Midwest, where seven so-called Iron Curtain States permit truckers to haul only 73,280 pounds of cargo, as compared with 80,000 for the rest of the nation. "Wisconsin, in order to keep out competition from other carriers coming into the state, enacted a 59-foot-length law instead of the standard 60-foot law," Parkhurst complains. "Therefore, the regulated carriers based in Wisconsin, who have their own sort of monopoly, were able to carry *all* the freight and make *all* the profits. The mood of the independents is angry, and their fuse is short. If the situation does not improve, I will be forced to take whatever action is necessary to again force the issues into the front pages of the daily newspapers."

As the hours of speeches drag on, punctuated by saber-rattling clichés, the attention of some members of the convention audience begins to wander. In the fifth row the 11-year-old son of Louisiana trucker Robert Randolph uses his finger to read the captions in *Trucktoons*, a magazine featuring X-rated cartoons issued by *Overdrive*. Whether by intention or not, *Trucktoons*, while catering to truckers' fantasies, perpetuates the pre-

vailing public image of them as lust-ridden Neanderthals, truckstop Romeos obsessed with balling willing pickups (women, not trucks).

In one cartoon a naked trucker thrusts his organ into an Amazonian woman who would make Dolly Parton feel insecure. Says she: "I'm just amazed at the way you truckers can ride so long without stopping!" Young Randolph methodically turns the pages of the magazine, stopping at an imaginatively drawn nude who purrs, "I think my trucker got his start as a cabdriver, because his flag is always up!"

A few pages later a woman in bed tells her trucker: "You give a new meaning to the word Peterbilt." This is followed by a cartoon of two truckers pulling into Joe's Diner and Truck Stop, greeted by a half-dozen women waving signs reading, WELCOME and HE'S OUR MAN! Says one trucker to the other: "I guess the waitresses at Joe's found out that it took 42 stitches for your circumcision!"

So the macho stereotype is sustained. But on the other hand, Parkhurst and the ITA would like the public to believe that those magnificent men in their 18-wheel machines think and look no differently than other American small-businessmen concerned with providing for their families. One has only to

observe them stepping off chartered buses for the *Truckin' in Nashville* taping, their radiant faces anticipating at least one night's relief from the daily drudgery of truckers' woes.

The day's heavy-hanging humidity has vanished from the truckstop, leaving behind a pink-and-blue sunset that silhouettes the Nashville skyline. Pacing back and forth like an expectant father, Parkhurst herds the most photogenic specimens—the truckers, wives and children wearing ITA T-shirts—into the front rows of folding chairs. To further dress up the audience, he tosses out multicolored ITA caps with the skill of a ballpark popcorn vendor. And when it comes time for the taping to begin, he's front-row center, cheering the arrival of a Peterbilt piloted by freshly permed country entertainer Conway Twitty and bearing his equally celebrated passenger, singer Brenda Lee.

Not surprisingly, it is Parkhurst who leads the rhythmic handclapping that accompanies the ensuing parade of performers, including such down-home favorites as Bobby Bare, Boots Randolph, Carl Perkins and Hank Williams, Jr. Del Reeves sings about looking at the world through a windshield and rolling down the highway in his Jimmy hauling freight. A Joe Stampley tune tells about busting gears in his old semi and carry-

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ing a heavy load. And then Stampley offers the trucking hit *Roll On, Big Mama*, pulling an imaginary airhorn that inspires bellowing responses from each of the two dozen assembled rigs, whose running lights beam like strands of pearls.

Singer Lori Michaels performs the ballad of a trucker's wife: "I learn to live with loneliness/I share a trucker's mind. /... Don't let the loneliness upset you/when you're so far away from home. /... I'm waiting at the end of your run." Her encore begins with an introduction that obviously pleases the crowd: "This next song is for all you independent truckers who make America beautiful," she says before launching into a heart-tugging medley of *God Bless America* and *America, the Beautiful*.

But for the remainder of the festivities it is back to convention oratory, with Parkhurst denouncing the Carter Administration's reluctance to act immediately in the independents' behalf. He issues a call to arms: "In the next months we will get all kinds of promises, task-force hearings, recommendations, and pats on the back, while all of you are slowly squeezed out of existence," he tells the 500 truckers finishing off their last meal of ham and eggs at the Opryland Hotel.

"If you think I'm kidding," he continues, "watch yourself die off like flies. The Congress and the White House and the Department of Transportation and the Interstate Commerce Commission are still not convinced you're serious. They think they can woo you and win you and fool you. We must take action to convince those people in Washington that you mean business. The only way is to invade the city with your trucks and show 'em. I'm going to organize a convoy of my own, and we're going to sneak into Washington one night on a pre-determined date with a massive invasion. You are recruited, as of this instant, into our free-enterprise army. And when you all start converging on the White House, we'll just have a little meeting."

A scowl wrinkles Parkhurst's face, and his body tenses, rising on its toes and bending forward like a Mack truck hood ornament. Pausing for emphasis, he adds one last inflammatory warning: "One of our delegates, Richard Giargiari from New Hampshire, has promised me that—if necessary—he will publicly burn his beautiful, three-month-old Kenworth in front of the White House, even though it's uninsured," Parkhurst declares, carefully measuring his words. "He will do it for national television. If they want a crisis in Washington, then you know what you can do."

The fat, if not the Kenworth rig, is already in the fire.

The 1979 ITA convention is past, but the battle of the independents has just begun. The resounding voice that shook the Opryland Hotel now rattles the pages of *Overdrive* as Parkhurst continues in his driving effort to win basic rights for the independent truckers.

The man is gearing up for another push. There's the business of skyrocketing fuel prices—which, even in the face of the Iranian embargo, explains Parkhurst, should not be what they are. "If the oil companies continue using the fuel shortages as an excuse to raise prices, the ITA will be forced into a posture

suggesting government intervention."

And, of course, there's the upcoming Presidential election. "Time to nail Kennedy's hide to the wall," Parkhurst barks. "Time to make sure the election doesn't become an excuse to stall promises of legislative reform," and to make sure the independent doesn't become "just a shoehorn to ease the candidate into the White House." And we'll be seeing a lot more militant signs on the backs of trucks, Parkhurst promises—"signs that will arouse the average American to the plight of the independent, who has become a symbol of the deteriorating free-enterprise system in America." We haven't heard the end of Mike Parkhurst—not by a long shot.

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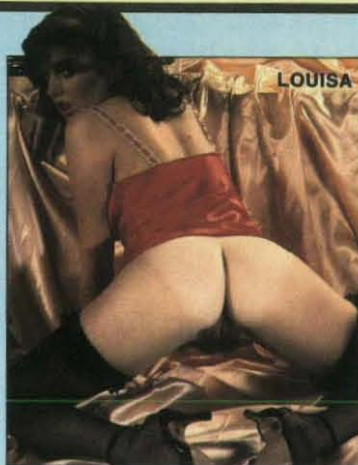
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IN TENT INCENSE TOO INTENSE?

Rudy Rates RUSH a Rave

HOLLYWOOD, Monday, June 1—They're saying it was "heat prostration", but insiders know better! Production on *Desert Song*, Valentino's latest hysterical heart-throb for Cinegram Studios, had to be suspended last week. According to a studio press agent, it was due to "adverse weather in the Mojave". Temperatures rose rapidly all right, but it was a different sort of sunstroke.

According to our confidential source, it seems that *The Sheik* arrived late one evening for a moonlight desert take. The Great Lover impatiently told the production crew to "Get a rush on". One prankish makeup man promptly uncorked a bottle of RUSH Liquid Incense® and spread it around the set. Rudy was supposed to begin the scene by giving some sultry starlets the air, but what came next was definitely not in the script!

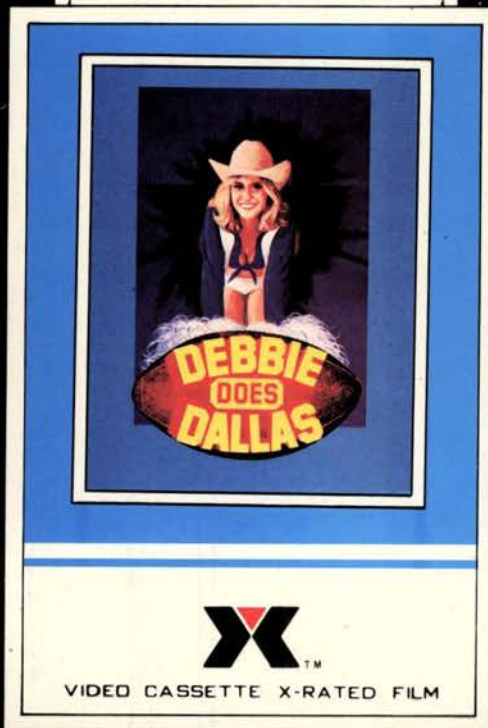
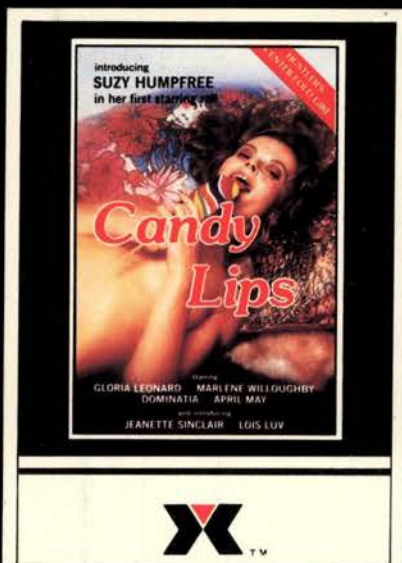
The entire cast and crew put in for overnight overtime. The tent was in tatters, and even the pillows were plastered. It's too bad they never got around to putting film in the cameras!

What effect will this have on future production? No further comment was available from Cinegram. When cornered in the studio cafeteria, Rudy only smiled and said: "I'm glad I didn't come early. We'll have to get more RUSH for the next take."



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